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Coronet

THIS ISSUE A New Year's
Resolution for
Every American



Arline Baigneur

MISTRESS PARIS—AFTER DARK

The Love of a City—in 32 pages of pictures and text

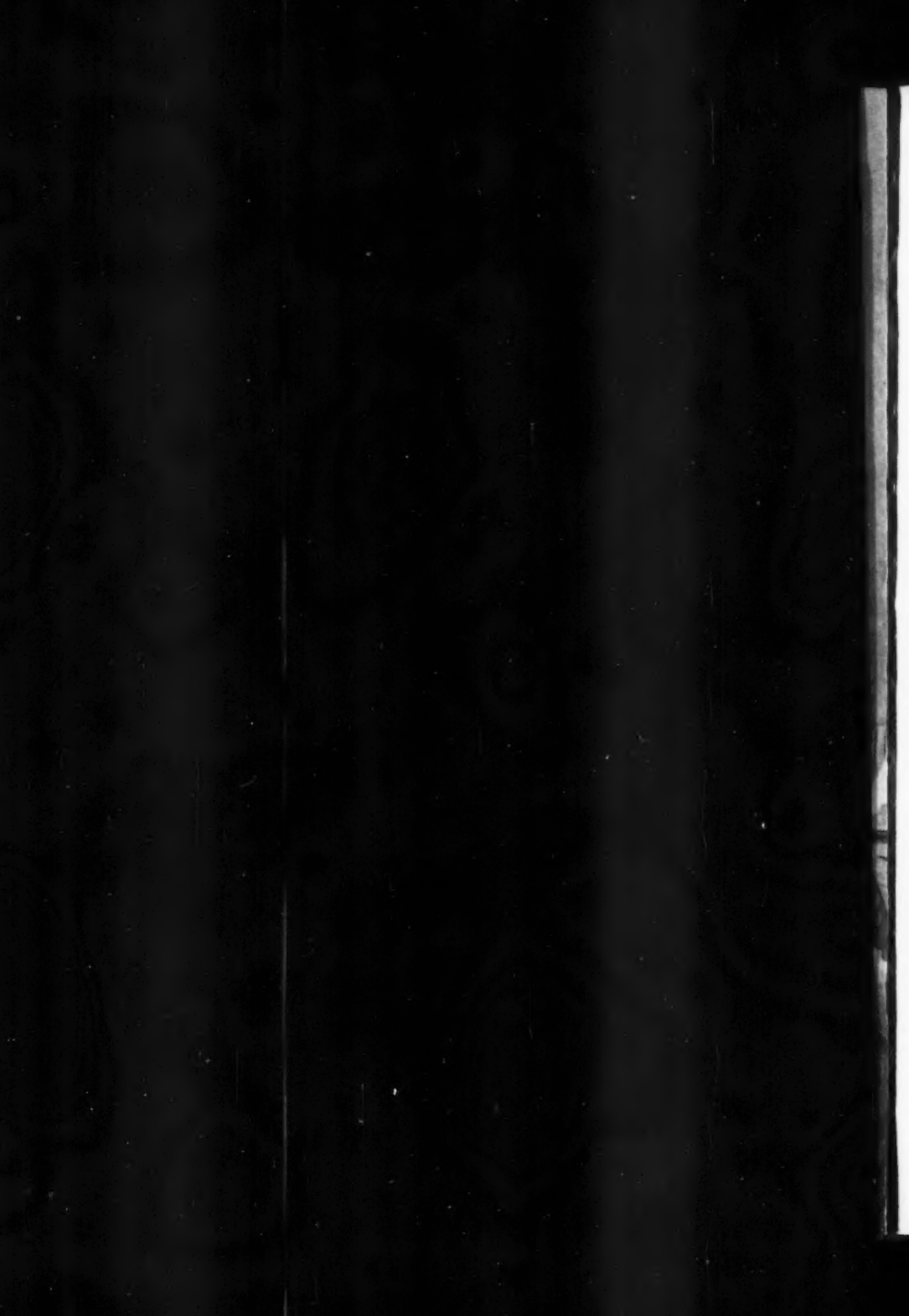
All our cherished American rights—

the right of free speech, free worship, ownership of property, equality before the law—all are dependent upon each other for existence. Thus, when shallow critics denounce the profit motive inherent in our system of private enterprise, they ignore the fact that it is an economic support of every human right we possess, and that without it, all rights would soon disappear.

Dwight D. Eisenhower



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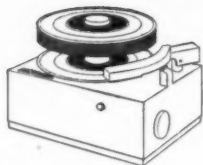
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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; G. E. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. of Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising Offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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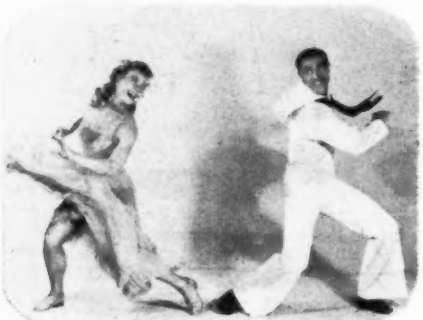
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BECAUSE Bob Hope, as the leader of a group of Boy Foresters, has seldom been funnier than in his new Paramount picture. For love of a beautiful Duchess (*Rhonda Fleming*), he becomes involved with a Grand Duke and a napkin-wielding killer. In a wild ship-board chase, Hope finds himself accused of murder and forced to hide in a lifeboat. Typical Hope bluster saves the day, and all concerned live hilariously ever after.



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BECAUSE the flying feet of Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen and Ann Miller, and the happy vocalizing of Frank Sinatra and Betty Garrett, make this M-G-M movie one of the season's gayest musicals. Adapted from the Broadway show, this story of a search for "Miss Turnstiles" takes three sailors on a dizzy tour of New York. Before their 24-hour leave expires, they have won the hearts of three of the fairest damsels in Manhattan.



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FLATTER her, be a willing slave to her seductive beauty and wanton charm, and she's yours. But arouse her jealousy, thwart her desires, and see what happens. See what happened to her husband, one of the handsomest and richest men in Atlanta, who tried to drown his despair in drinking . . . to her sister-in-law, who was finally goaded to suicide . . . to her lovely young niece whose innocent passion for a man was the first real challenge Eva had ever known. Here's a best-seller unrivalled for suspense and excitement. Both *The Queen Bee* and *Pride's Castle* are yours for just a 3-cent stamp, if you join the Dollar Book Club now!



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INCONSIDERATE



Basic rules of courtesy are as applicable 5,000 feet above sea level as in your own living room. Feet belong on the floor, not on the seat in front of you.



You may pass idle hours aloft reading a newspaper. The passenger ahead may prefer to do it by sleeping. But unless you control your paper, she can't sleep.



A landing or take-off can be an exciting event, but if you can't see it without crushing your seat partner, it would be best just to forget about it.

DANGEROUS



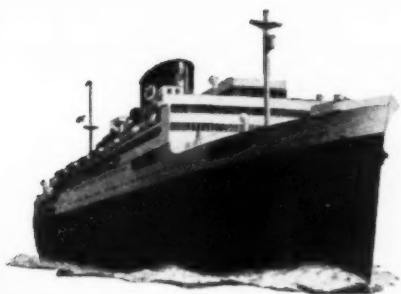
Suitcases should be stowed in the baggage compartment before departure. Rough air can dump them out of the overhead rack—with disastrous results.



Most people don't like others looking over their shoulders. This is especially true of air-line pilots, whose job is not made easier by curious passengers.



At night, when lights are dimmed, your feet hanging in the aisle represent a real hazard to the stewardess. She must be free to move about at all times.



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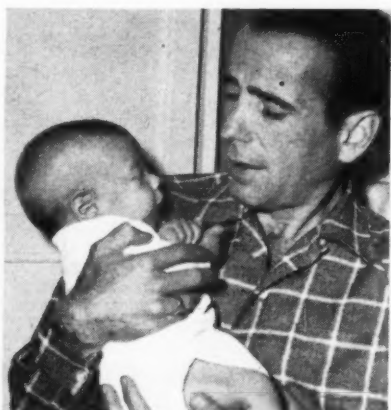
Robert Ryan, a father before he was a star, beams at his young son, Cheyney.



Little Portland, named for Mrs. Fred Allen, is secure with Dad James Mason.



Champion swimmer Alan Ladd convinces his son, David, that the water's fine.

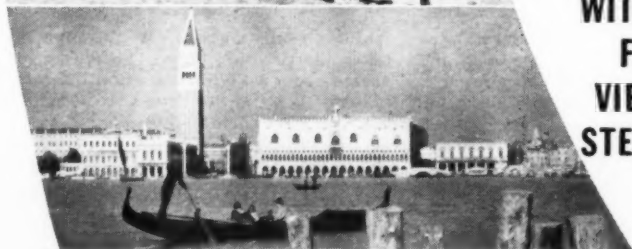


Master-menace Humphrey Bogart fondles Steve, image of mother Lauren Bacall.

HEROES IN THE NURSERY

THE MAN WHO SOARED to stardom as a killer in *This Gun for Hire* looked menacingly at his daughter. Then he said softly, "Alana, take your feet off that chair." The little girl refused to budge. But no gunfire shattered the peace of the Alan Ladd household.

Acting is something more than an eight-hour-a-day job, but, when day is done, a bundle of fuzz-topped pinkness can reduce Hollywood's hard-bitten heroes to doting weakness. Fatherhood, after all, is the same in Hollywood as anywhere else in the world.



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Nobody really owns a cat, although one may share your home. So wide and varied are a cat's interests that interstate excursions by felines have been recorded.



Since every cat is a potential free-lancer, moving effortlessly from the alley into your heart—and back again—no one knows exactly how many cats there are. In any given neighborhood, however, a saucer of milk will ease census-taking.

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Sean O'Casey's lined face tells his story.



His daughter Shivaun is a close friend.



O'Casey works in his hand and at night.

Playwright in Exile

ON A BITING, salt-sprayed day in 1926, a man stood on a ship, bound for England and a new life. Behind him lay Ireland, which had nurtured him to manhood and literary renown. But now "Dublin was too close to everyone." Years later, Sean O'Casey would relive that winter sailing, and say, "Sweet Inishfallen fare thee well! Forever!"

The last in a large Irish family, he knew the utter resignation of the Dublin slums. One day he would be a master of English prose, but not until long after he had learned to read and write from penny novels at the age of 15. He would swing a pick first, and work long days in an ironmongery before the world came to know his genius.

Now, nights were given to the Citizen Army, as the drums of political unrest beat ceaselessly. With thousands of others, he was arrested after the Easter Rising of 1916, but the prophecy of Irish freedom had been written.


Then O'Casey wrote a play called *The Shadow of a Gunman*, and another, *Juno and the Paycock*, which bit sharply into hallowed Irish tradition. But O'Casey had seen tradition grow stagnant with disuse, heroes become bloated on past exploits. Riots greeted the Dublin production of *The Plough and the Stars*. Yet O'Casey would not desist.

Today, in his Devonshire home, O'Casey works in a sparse, book-lined study. The fourth volume of his autobiography, *Inishfallen Fare Thee Well*, continues the rambling, rhapsodic story of a young man growing up, and of the fight for Irish Freedom.

CREDITS

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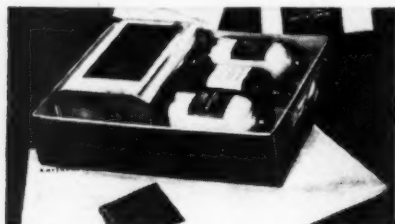
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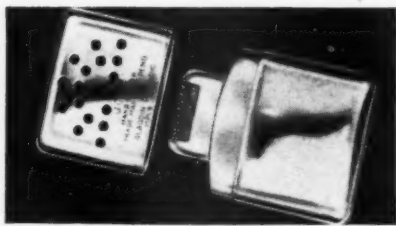
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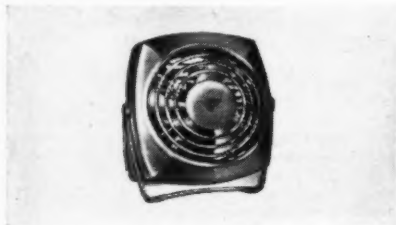
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SWING YOUR partner to square-dance music and calls on a long-playing record. Fun for school dances, church socials and parties at home, the steps are explained in an illustrated manual.



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WARM THE chilly corners of the home with this portable heater fan, which blows in any direction you aim it. When summer comes, flip the three-way switch and it's a cooling fan.



WITH THESE paintings, which can be glued to the children's walls by simply moistening the back, you are an interior decorator. The canvas design is removable, washable, transferable.

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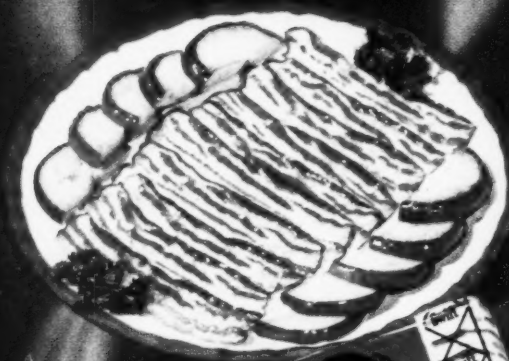
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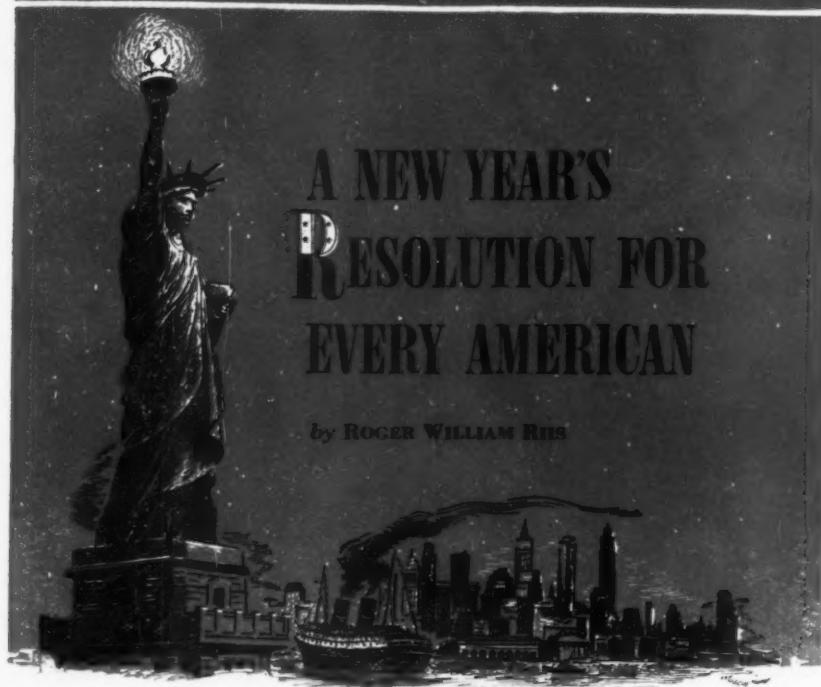
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THE TROUBLE WITH most New Year's resolutions is simply this: they are too hard to keep. So, for 1950, may I suggest a resolution that is as easy to keep as it is important to make?

All you have to do is—stop criticizing America. Or, to put it another way, take pride in the vast amount of good that exists in our nation, instead of bemoaning the little that is bad.

The year 1950 marks the middle of the much-touted 20th Century.

Hence, the resolution I suggest is more than a New Year's resolution—it is a resolution for our entire future. Let us, then, keep it on a proportionate scale—a nation-wide resolution for all Americans, made by all of us as Americans.

This mid-century mark is a significant one for us, because the United States has passed only one other such milestone. We are that young. In fact, we are so young we don't even know about ourselves.

In 1750, we were not yet a na-

tion. In 1850, we were a violently disintegrating handful of states, 11 of them about to secede. A terrible civil war lay just ahead. Our total population was less than three times that of New York City today.

But in 1950—well, it's quite a story, the greatest story in the history of man. We Americans haven't had time to realize it yet; perhaps we are too close to it. But Greeks and Greenlanders, Italians and Koreans, are beginning to catch the sense of it. And it's a good story to remind ourselves of, just now.

Last summer, business graphs began to show declines, and a generation oversensitized by the 1930s gasped in dismay and whispered fearfully: "Depression!" Soviet Russia shouted jubilantly to the world: "We told you so! The United States is going to pieces again!"

Well, now, let's take inventory of what we all have together, and invite the world to sit in, too, because there's nothing furtive or menacing about our position or purposes. Let us look not with the pride of vanity, but with the humility of spirit which a real understanding of our country must impose upon us.

Proposition 1: *We are not the same nation that we were ten years ago. We are not the same nation that Japan and Germany and Italy attacked eight years ago. We are immensely more powerful, both materially and spiritually.*

We have so many more citizens, a national manufacturing plant so much bigger and abler, a business and distribution system so much stronger, a farming establishment so much larger and richer, a national income and a national savings account so much fatter, that we have in fact added unto our-

selves, within our borders, the equivalent of more than Sweden, Switzerland and Denmark.

It won't hurt us to look at a few figures. Since before Pearl Harbor, we have become stronger by some 17,000,000 additional Americans, 130,000,000 acres of farmland, 9,000,000 workers, 500,000 business firms. We create and use 118 billion *more* kilowatt hours of electric energy. Our national income has jumped from \$104 billion to \$226 billion, and our individual savings are *greater* by \$28 billion. Our money in circulation has increased by \$18 billion.

We have built up an air-line system which flies 200 million *more* miles yearly. Our average home is far better serviced by electricity; 10,000,000 more homes have radios, 3,000,000 have television. And not least, farm mortgages are \$1½ billion *less* than they were. The poorest American is better off, in both tangible and intangible ways, than his opposite number in any country you can name. But this is not all we have accomplished.

While we were doing all this, we also built vast fleets, marshaled our armies, trained 12,364,000 fighting men for service in Africa, Europe and the Pacific, and carried our arms to victory everywhere. Further, we created a new industry in atomic energy. And we have taken a leading part in, and have furnished the home for, the United Nations.

So we come to the New Year and add up our assets. Within our homeland are many empires, each as great as many foreign nations. There is an empire of corn and of wheat, of cotton and of cattle, an

empire of mountain principalities where single ranches are larger and richer than whole provinces abroad.

There is an empire of inland seas where steamers ply eastward and westward on five-day voyages, most of the time out of sight of land. And the international border line which runs through those inland seas stretches for 3,000 miles, unarmed, unprotected—but safe.

We are the only great nation in the world whose unity is by deliberate intent, rather than by compulsion of geography and attrition of history. We are the only untired nation. And Americans smile, readily and frequently.

You think this is normal? So it is, with us. But Europeans, who for a generation have had little reason to smile, think it is astonishing.

FORTUNATELY, all the gains showered upon us by a kindly fate have not been material. Despite the war, our civil liberties are as strong as ever. Our churches are greater by 15,000,000 members. One in every three of us is engaged in some registered study. The books and art and music of the world flow toward us. Our social conscience is active and potent. Millions of us have seen much of the world, and have come home with a better-informed appreciation of what we have here.

Of course, our story is not wholly one of perfection and bliss. We have more than our share of vices—religious and racial intolerance; a homicide rate 20 times as high as England and Wales; a national debt that makes one shudder; a contempt for our men in public life, while only 51 per cent of qualified voters

bother to go to the polls in a Presidential election year; industrial warfare; man-made ugliness in our towns and along the ribbon-slums of our highways.

But even in our faults we see hope. We realize we have these faults, but every one of us also knows that we shall in the normal course of things cure them. It never occurs to us that any of our problems will be with us forever. We know that we shall solve them, one after another, slowly but certainly.

Proposition 2: *Ours is the habit of growth, of advance.*

In every period of our history, we have kept on growing and advancing. There have been times when we said we were stopped, and hoped something would happen to get us started again. But all the time we were growing; not waiting for something to happen, but making it happen—not waiting to get started, but starting.

This is true not only of the last decade, but all the way back. In 176 years, we have settled millions of square miles of wild continent, erected a government whose practical ability to serve the people has not dimmed the brightness of its stated purpose. We have molded more than 150,000,000 individuals into one people and yet, while doing it, have not lost sight of the ultimate value—individuality; we have provided a standard of material living which the whole world envies.

We incline to think that we fell back during the 1930s. Not so. They were years of more basic growth than the touted Twenties. Hampered on all sides by barriers to material advance, we increased the

number of our scientists, technicians and engineers from 92,000 to 750,000, and filed 265,000 more patents on ingenious ideas.

In those years of "retrenchment," we developed regular transoceanic air service, nylon, air conditioning, color photography, and a long array of specific new products and methods. Yes, indeed, we have always been growing.

But why speak in the past tense? We are the same people now, only more so! The same people, with the same ingrained habit of growth, and with vastly improved facilities to achieve it.

Proposition 3: *At this particular time, one of our richest areas lies in the world outside the U. S.*

This is not so much a matter of trade, which we have always had—it is a matter of rebuilding the world. Wherever you find ruin or stagnation on the globe today, you also find teams of Americans or commissions with American engineers working to transform stagnation into motion.

Already we are accustomed to the Marshall Plan, but it is nevertheless a wonder of history. Quite calmly, we have undertaken to carry along with us nearly a score of nations which, without us, would face disaster.

This world-wide project has the essential characteristic of growth—it is positive, constructive. That is why it meets opposition from the destructive and the negative. That is also why we can throw our full enthusiasm into it.

Others thrive by government upsets, purges, street barricades. We rebuild ruined factories, start production moving again. Others

would starve Berlin, we feed it. Recently we dragged from Greece's Corinth Canal tons upon tons of wreckage the Nazis had thrown into it. We reopened the channel. Our business is opening the blocked channels of the world.

IN 1938, A STUDENT made an analysis of civilization. First he laid down the essentials of civilization—shelter, warmth, food, communal living in security, stability of government, civil liberties, communications, education, religion, sciences, arts. Then he appraised eight different nations in the light of these requisites.

Four nations stood apart at the top—Britain, France, Denmark and the United States. Four lagged far down at the bottom—Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia. Already, three of them have found it necessary to come over to our way of civilization. That is because ours is the way of growth, and therefore the way of the future.

Let no American hesitate to bear witness to this. There is a great deal of talk today about taking or not taking oaths of allegiance. To what finer purpose can we take an oath of allegiance? Why balk at taking that oath?

Disciples of other creeds may refuse to testify to their own beliefs "for fear of incriminating themselves." But citizens of this country can well feel eager for the chance to testify to their beliefs.

Proposition 4: *Our growth, within and without the borders of the U. S., will be guided by the American sense of an un-self-serving mission in the world.*

We have that sense of mission, and Europeans know that we have

it, even though we are a bit shy about mentioning it. Our statesmen have seen it, and incorporated an awareness of it into our traditions. Thomas Jefferson saw our nation as "the world's best hope"; Abraham Lincoln called it "the last best hope of earth." Woodrow Wilson and the two Roosevelts saw the same vision. The Frenchman Turgot, in 1778, wrote of us, "This people is the hope of the human race."

Ours is a brightly illuminated land. For many generations, peoples of the world have come to the light they saw here, the "lamp beside the golden door," following their dreams. Here they have striv-

en to make their dreams into reality. Here is the accumulation of the dreams of millions of people. And here among us are the ability and the equipment to make those dreams come true.

So lofty a destiny imposes upon us no selfish pride. Rather, as we prepare to enter a new half-century, we should go down on our knees in deep humility. And then arise, and go to work!

On this New Year's Day of 1950, let us resolve that ours is the world of tomorrow, to fashion as we will. And let us so fashion it that generations yet unborn shall say: "Thank God for the United States!"



Beyond the Call of Duty

UNTIL RECENTLY, I believed New Yorkers were hard-boiled, callous cynics who rushed about their daily tasks with little or no time for noticing or caring about what went on around them.

While riding in a subway express not long ago, I happened to be standing in the first car near the motorman's cab and, as the train thundered into the station, I saw a man on the platform waving frantically and pointing down to the tracks. The train came to a halt instantly and the passengers pushed to the front of the car to see what had happened.

What we saw was a tiny kitten sitting hunched on the tracks and looking forlorn and frightened.

The motorman got out of his cab and lowered himself to the

tracks, but when the kitten saw him approaching it started to run ahead; every time he reached out it just managed to elude him.

By this time the train had discharged its passengers and was ready to move on, so the motorman climbed back into his cab and we proceeded at a snail's pace, keeping just behind the kitten. After about a hundred yards, however, the tiny feline, obviously exhausted, just sat down and gave up the race.

Amid shouts of encouragement from the passengers, the motorman again climbed down, picked up the frightened kitten and kept it in the cab with him until we pulled in at the next station, where he turned it over to one of the guards—all of its nine lives intact.

—C. BERKSON



The Deadly Sin

Learn to recognize and combat a destructive emotion that has wrecked many lives

by WILL OURSLER

IF YOU HAVE EVER been really jealous, you know what it is to die a little while you are still living. You have truly had a foretaste of purgatory. And yet, even as you were being tortured, you may not have recognized the force at work inside you.

Besides being one of the most destructive of human emotions, jealousy is also one of the trickiest. Like an accomplished criminal, it has a number of innocent-sounding aliases. To Tom and Ellen, for example, it came in the guise of respectability.

Fate seemed to be smiling on them; they were attractive and capable. Ellen designed clothes. Tom sold insurance. At the time of

their marriage, they were among the most popular couples of the Massachusetts city where they lived.

Two years later they were almost friendless. At Tom's insistence, they had moved to another town some miles away. Ellen had given up designing because he didn't approve of her "carrying on a business of her own." For his part, he devoted himself entirely to work. Evenings, he was "too tired" to go out or do any entertaining.

So matters stood when an old friend called at Tom's office. To his suggestion that they get around a little more, Tom replied self-righteously: "I'm too busy, Ed. Besides, Ellen and I are settling down now."

"You're not too busy!" the friend said flatly. "You're too jealous. You've got a wonderful wife, but



of Jealousy

unless you start acting like a human being—and letting her act like one—you're going to lose her."

Tom blustered, but after his friend had gone he indulged in some quiet soul-searching. Could the changes in his life and Ellen's have been inspired by jealousy?

He had to admit that during the past year he and Ellen had grown increasingly moody and irritable. Yet strangely enough, neither had been able to diagnose the trouble. Even when it had first appeared during courtship, they had condoned and excused.

Of course, Tom had been jealous in those days, but after all, a little jealousy is expected of an ardent wooer. His inquiries about her phone calls and letters had amused and flattered Ellen. But after mar-

riage his tactics had become more subtle. Without appearing to do so, he had cut her off from friends and activities; he had turned their home into an unofficial jail.

With his friend's blunt words echoing in his mind, Tom began to realize the true meaning of the role he had been playing. Realization brought first a feeling of relief, then a determination to change. However, it was an uphill battle, for, in combating jealousy, progress is measured by one thing: continuing ability to be honest with yourself.

Tom, luckily, was not wanting in honesty, so he ultimately created a happy life for Ellen and himself. If he hadn't, their marriage would have been one of the thousands which jealousy has wrecked.

"Eliminate that one emotion

from the human breast," a prominent lawyer said recently, "and you would halve the number of litigants in our divorce courts."

Although jealousy wears many faces, it almost always grows out of fear. The jealous person is afraid someone will take his wife or sweetheart; he lies awake imagining threats to his job. Few of us are able entirely to overcome these fears, but we can minimize their effects by learning to recognize them. Suppose we look at some of the basic situations in which jealousy grows and some of the symptoms by which we can spot it.

Family Jealousy: One day last fall, a radio technician and his wife walked into a Boston clinic. Their problem, they explained to the doctor, was their eight-year-old son.

"We're frightened," the mother blurted. "Our other child—the girl—is just four. She's getting along fine. But the boy can't do his school-work, has to be helped with his eating, even with dressing himself."

The doctor recognized the symptoms. The return to infantile behavior was simply a means by which the boy was trying to hold on to his parents' affections. He was actually trying to become a baby again—to regain the love he believed he had lost to his sister.

The cure lay in giving him more love and affection and, at the same time, in making him feel his importance as the older child. When he came to realize that he meant as much to his parents as his younger sister did, he began to act his age.

The case illustrates the tangle of emotions underlying many domestic relationships. We are used to thinking of the family as a center of love,

but the love is often complicated by hidden motives, one of the most virulent being jealousy.

Jealousies are likely to arise when parents and children are in the same business or profession. A skillful Chicago repairman had not spoken to his son for years. To a family friend, the father explained resentfully: "I tried to teach him everything I knew, but I'm too old-fashioned for Joe. He has to do things his way."

But why *shouldn't* Joe have done things his way?

"Because I'm his father!" was the emphatic answer. "I've had more experience than he has!"

This father was deceiving himself. Without admitting it, he was afraid the boy might achieve a success greater than his own.

Jealousy in Romance: Even when it reaches fantastic lengths, jealous conduct during courtship is viewed with some indulgence. People have come to consider it an integral part of the "love game." Girls often play upon it deliberately, fanning the flames and measuring their own desirability by the height of the blaze. This is a dangerous practice, however, since jealousy can quickly get out of hand.

A young engineering student killed himself recently because he could not endure the jealous tortures inflicted on him by the girl he loved. When she learned what had happened, his sweetheart was horrified. She had never dreamed that her "taunting technique" would have such an effect. Over and over she sobbed: "It was all in fun!"

Jealousy in Marriage: A husband came home from the office early one evening and happened to overhear

his wife on the telephone. Catching a few "dears" and "darlings," he demanded to know to whom she had been talking. The wife resented his attitude. "If you don't trust me—" she began, and soon an argument was raging.

The husband's suspicions grew, and he hired a detective. The latter exonerated the wife. But by then, it was too late. She had learned about the detective, and her faith was as shaken as her husband's. Their marriage ended in disaster.

Married jealousy takes many forms, tragic or absurd, depending on the point of view—and the outcome. The great Hungarian playwright, Ferenc Molnar, found in it the material of a classic comedy, *The Guardsman*.

Tortured to distraction, the hero disguises himself and undertakes to woo his wife, simply to test her fidelity. When she rebuffs him, he is delighted; when she seems to favor his suit, he is cast into gloom. In the end, the husband is no more certain of his wife's virtue than he was at the beginning, for the questions that jealousy asks are often unreal and, consequently, have no real answers.

IN MARRIED LIFE, explosive dramas generally are touched off by questions of sex and faithfulness—in short, by the physical proprietorship which each party claims by right of vows exchanged at the altar. There are also a number of subsidiary causes of jealousy in marriage, causes which generally don't lead to violence but which may well destroy the home.

Parents, a brother or sister or aunt, anyone who claims over-

much of a husband's time and affection is likely to invade ground which the wife looks on as hers alone. With lack of housing throwing young married couples in with parents and other relatives, such conflicts of interest have become a prime problem in today's world.

All of us know the mother-in-law who wants to hold on to her boy. "You'd better let me buy his shirts," she tells the bride. "After all, I know just what he wants."

Wise husbands and wives learn to side-step such incidents whenever possible. When it isn't possible, about the only thing to do is to counter them directly, for, if they are yielded to and allowed to assume importance, they can undermine a marriage.

Jealousy in Business: Although different from the kind found in romance and marriage, business jealousy can be equally bitter and, at times, even violent. A leading personnel director has given this reason for the majority of failures: time wasted in hating those who have surpassed them.

A clerk pushes ahead a notch or two. At once he finds himself the "target" of his friends left behind. To them, he has become the personified reason for their own failure to advance.

The same situation prevails on higher levels in an intensified form. Top executives are often jealous not only of each other but of anyone below who may show signs of becoming too firmly entrenched. Actually, however, business has done much in recent years to lessen the hazards of jealousy. Healthy rivalries between various departments, team sports after hours, more equi-

table distribution of benefits, contests involving different skills, all help the worker to feel more secure and satisfied.

Social Jealousy: This is not confined to feuds and social climbing. Social jealousy also motivates the Communist on his soapbox and the criminal in the police line-up, each shouting that society never gave him a chance. Both are fearful that they aren't good enough to succeed, according to accepted standards. And the remedy each proposes is basically the same: tear those standards down. The criminal, single-handed and at the point of a gun, wants to force his own rules on society; the Communist wants to do it by revolution.

It is a rare person who is immune to jealousy. But here are a few rules which may help to keep this outcast emotion under control:

1. When you notice yourself behaving rigidly, intolerantly and without humor, don't leap to your own defense. Before you put the blame on someone else, suspect

yourself of jealousy. Search out your hidden motives. It can be done, and often the result will be an extremely happy one.

2. Don't jump to hasty conclusions. So far as possible, withhold judgment on gossip and bits of information, pending investigation of the facts. The law holds that a man or woman is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty. Certainly, an equal consideration is owed to the people you love.

3. Watch out for the jealousy of others. Make every effort to avoid taunting and in other ways contributing to emotional storms.

4. If, by nature, you are extremely jealous, do your best to ferret out the cause. In most cases, it stems from a sense of insecurity acquired long ago. Maybe you won't be able to eliminate it, but at least you can learn to recognize the symptoms and take precautions. Then you will be well on your way to conquering a virulent emotion that has needlessly wrecked many lives, homes and friendships.

The Height of Ambition



A MINISTER, leaving his church one day, noticed three small boys sitting on the steps. One had a toy airplane, one a miniature racing car, and the third a copy of *Esquire Magazine*.

"What would you like to be, son?" he asked the first boy.

"An airplane pilot," was the quick reply.

"And you?" he said to the second boy.

"A racing driver."

"What would you like to be?" he asked the youngster with the magazine.

The boy grudgingly dragged his eyes away from its pages and replied longingly:

"Grown, sir, grown!"

—*Courier-Journal Magazine*

by DAVID GRAYSON

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED why men should be so fearful of new ventures in social relationships, when I have found them so fertile and enjoyable. *Most of us fear people who differ from ourselves, either up or down the scale.* We applaud the scientist who pries into the most intimate secrets of matter; but let a man experiment with the laws of that singular electricity which connects you and me (though you be a millionaire and I a ditchdigger), and we look upon him as a wild visionary.

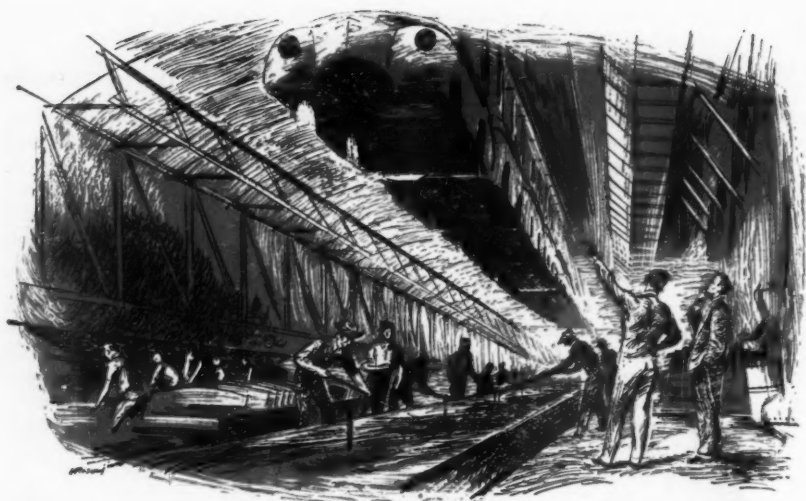
Sometimes I think that the science of humanity today is in about the same state of darkness that the natural sciences were in when Cuvier and Lamarck began groping for the laws of natural unity. Most of the human race still groans under the belief that each of us is a special and unrelated creation, just as men for ages saw no relationship between the fowl of the air, the beasts of the field and the fish of the sea.

But, thank God, we are beginning to learn that unity is as much a law of life as selfish struggle, and that love is a more vital force than avarice or power or place. A Wandering Carpenter knew it, and taught it, 20 centuries ago. —From *Adventures in Contentment*

The Power of LOVE



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



Selling Your Ideas on the Job

by WILLIAM J. REILLY

You'll get ahead a lot faster if you do more than work hard and follow directions

YOU CAN'T BUILD a successful background in any field or business by just taking on a job, following directions, and being a punctual, faithful and hard-working employee. You must do something unusual to get favorable attention. And one of the simplest ways to gain recognition and advancement is to develop a reputation for being a person with "good ideas."

I know of no business, trade or profession that is not hungry for men and women who can face a problem, think it through, and solve it. Any executive will tell you that many of his people just go through the motions of doing a job. Even if a good idea does occur to them, they do nothing about it.

Whether you get good ideas or not depends entirely on your attitude toward problems. No matter where you work, you find that men and women divide themselves into two main groups:

1. Those who, when confronted with a problem, immediately run to the boss with it.
2. Those who look upon a problem as something to be solved and who go ahead and solve it.

Those in the second group get a lot of good ideas; those in the first group do not.

I know a production director who is one of the best in the business. He has been a problem-solver all his life. Years ago, when he was just an errand boy around the fac-

From the book, *How to Avoid Work* by William J. Reilly, copyright, 1949, by Harper & Brothers.

tory, a swinging door that separated two drafting rooms was broken and he was instructed to "get a carpenter to fix it up."

He surprised everyone by suggesting that the door be removed. Since there was no good reason for having a door there, it was taken down. No one had ever thought of such a solution before.

Starting with little problems like that, he gradually tackled bigger problems and solved them. On his first job on the factory floor, he made suggestions that simplified the operation of a labeling machine. Later, he made suggestions that broke two bottlenecks on a production line. He has been solving problems ever since. And that is why he is the factory boss today.

The controller in one of America's largest corporations was chief clerk just a few years ago. The first idea he got as a clerk was "that the number of copies on orders could be reduced from six to four." Once this suggestion was adopted, he found himself trying to figure out other ways to improve office routine.

In one year he had streamlined the correspondence routine by introducing the use of "pattern" letters to cover common inquiries and complaints. Studying at night to become a Certified Public Accountant, he began to simplify reports in the accounting department, so that information was supplied to management earlier in the month than ever before. Small wonder they made him controller.

No matter where you work, you will get a lot of good ideas about your job if you—

1. Start with the little problems. When something goes wrong on the

job, see if you can figure out what to do about it.

2. Get into the habit of going to the boss with your suggested solution to a problem, instead of just dumping the problem in his lap.

3. If your solution is no good, find out what is wrong with it, so you can do better next time.

Anyone who gets enough practice solving the little problems will sooner or later be able to solve the big ones, too.

Jim Martin, foreman in the assembly room of an electric-fan factory, had had a lot of practice solving little problems. But one evening, as he sat on the porch after supper, he got an idea for solving one of the biggest problems in the plant—how to assemble machine parts in less time.

"I couldn't wait until morning to spring my idea on the superintendent," Martin told me. "But fortunately, before the boss came around, I took another look at the assembly line and found that my idea wouldn't work. The whole thing started me thinking, though, and I began to study every single move and operation on that assembly line. After a few days, I had spotted three operations that were causing the main trouble.

"For weeks, I concentrated on these three operations, thinking of several ways in which they could be simplified. After trying out a number of ideas in each spot, I finally settled on the one that worked best. After six months, I had a scheme that was good enough to show the boss. The boss talked it over with the assistant engineer and my plan was adopted."

Everyone who successfully works

out a big idea goes through essentially the same three steps that Martin experienced:

1. Study, firsthand, *all* conditions surrounding your problem. Martin's first step was to analyze every move and operation on the assembly line.

2. Henry Ford once said that any big problem can be solved a lot more easily if you will break it up into little problems. Martin's big problem of assembling machine parts in less time was easier to solve when he had spotted the three main trouble spots.

3. Keep trying different solutions to your problem until you hit on the one that works best. Instead of jumping to any fast conclusions, Martin took six months to try different ideas in each spot, before he finally selected the logical one.

In selling your ideas to others, there are three important points to remember. First, present your idea from the other person's point of view. In submitting an idea to your boss, either verbally or in writing, swing him into the picture. Show him how your idea may help to achieve the things he is interested in.

For instance, when you start by saying, "Here's an idea that might save us all a lot of headaches (or break a bottleneck or reduce waste or cut costs)," that is much better than starting out, "Say, boss, I've got a great idea. Let me tell you how I worked it out!"

Bear in mind that your boss is chiefly interested in results. He doesn't care how difficult it was for you to arrive at something worth while. All he wants to know is what it will do for him and the company.

Second, state your idea briefly

and conservatively. There is a natural tendency in all of us to be so enthusiastic about our brain child that we go into a lot of boring details. You know how impatient you get when someone rambles on and on, giving particulars that do not interest you in the least. It is most wise to think over the presentation of your idea in advance, making certain that all unnecessary details are eliminated.

Another tendency in presenting an idea is to let our enthusiasm run away with us. No matter how good the idea may be, it is far better to be conservative in all statements of what its adoption might accomplish. Conservative predictions are bound to build confidence.

Third, keep your mind open to suggestions from others. Whenever we present an idea, and someone picks on it, our initial inclination is to defend our idea staunchly, with the result that we wind up in futile argument. It is more sensible, when someone offers an objection or a suggestion, to open your mind. Maybe you can learn something that will improve your idea.

A clerk in a large chain organization recently told me he was "disgusted" with the company. A month before, he had sent in a suggestion for converting two departments into self-service units.

"I still haven't heard anything from the main office," he told me. "I thought they'd go for it in a big way. And I expected to get something out of it."

"Was that the first idea you ever sent in?" I asked.

"Yes, it was."

"Well," I told him, "digging ideas for the improvement of your

business is something like drilling for oil. The first try isn't always successful. I know a young woman who clerked in a department store for five years before she realized that she was getting in a rut. She began using her eyes and passing along suggestions. But it wasn't until after 14 months that one of her ideas really clicked. Now she's head of the returned-goods department."

I have seen too many cases in which a person sends in one or two ideas and then sits back and expects miraculous things to happen. Sometimes the idea is an old one, sometimes it is one that would take years to develop and cost thousands

of dollars to put into effect. There may be dozens of reasons why your suggestion wouldn't work—reasons you have never thought of.

However, the most important thing you accomplish when you contribute an idea to save money or make money for your company is that you thereby demonstrate that you are interested in figuring out better ways of doing things and that you are thinking about the future growth of your company. That is the kind of person your company is looking for. It is also the kind of person who gets the promotion when promotion-time comes around.



Professorial Pitfalls

WHEN ASKED TO COMPOSE an essay on Quakers, an eight-year-old wrote: "Quakers are very meek, quiet people who never fight or answer back. My father is a Quaker, but my mother is not."

—*Bulletin*, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

A NEW YORK CITY schoolteacher asked her third-grade pupils why one small boy was held in such awe by his classmates. "His father writes for comic books," an admirer confided.

"JOHNNY," the teacher asked, "do you know what a hypocrite is?"

"A hypocrite," replied Johnny, after a moment's thought, "is a boy that comes to school with a smile on his face."

—*Christian Herald*

"AND SO YOU SEE, children," said a Sunday School teacher as she concluded the lesson for the week, "God loves us all."

The class nodded happily, all except one little girl who broke into tears instead.

"Why, Mary, what's the matter?" the teacher asked kindly.

"He doesn't love *me*," the little girl sobbed.

"What makes you think He doesn't?"

"I—I tried Him with a daisy."

—BERTHA SULMAN



Watchmen that Never Sleep

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

ADT's amazing electronic devices give round-the-clock protection against crime

LATE ONE EVENING, the owners of an auto-parts firm in Columbus, Ohio, were driving past their closed shop when they saw a man stealthily enter through a side door.

They pulled over to the curb. "I'll bet a dollar he's nabbed in three minutes," said one.

The other considered a moment. "You're on," he said. "It can't be done under four minutes."

They were both wrong. In exactly a minute and 40 seconds—they timed it—two policemen piled out of a prowler car with drawn guns. In another 30 seconds the intruder was in custody.

The owners drove on, musing over the wonder of science. For this was the sixteenth time in as many months that crooks had tried to rob their shop. And each time the intruder was caught because he signaled his presence when he crossed a narrow, invisible beam of light guarding the premises.

The auto-parts firm is only one of more than 37,000 stores, factories, banks, warehouses, schools, hospitals, museums and other assorted buildings that are guarded 24 hours a day against fire, burglary and holdup by the ultra-scientific equipment of the 78-year-old American

District Telegraph Company, familiarly known as ADT, the only nation-wide organization of its kind.

For its clients, ADT protects more than 25 billion dollars' worth of property alone, ranging from a veteran's tiny cigar store to the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, and including the 29 Federal Reserve banks and branches, the U. S. Treasury and Fort Knox. Currently, it also provides protection for the greatest treasure of the age—our atomic secrets, which at current quotations seem to be worth at least a world's ransom.

The trick of being constantly everywhere at once is managed as a matter of routine—thanks to 4,200 employees, including 2,300 operators and guards, some 57,000 miles of leased or private wires, about \$26,000,000 worth of intricate signaling equipment, and hundreds of radio-telephone prowls cars.

ADT's nation-wide empire is self-contained. Each of its 119 central stations serving more than 500 cities and towns in the U. S. has an auxiliary power supply so that neither utility failure, flood nor storm can put it out of operation.

ADT's latest development in burglar alarms is Telapproach—an old-fashioned nuisance converted to modern protection against safecrackers. Remember the early radio sets which began to howl as your hand approached the dial? The electricity present in your body—"body capacity," radio men call it—created the static. Telapproach utilizes this capacity to set off an alarm in an ADT central station as soon as a crook is within three feet of a protected safe.

Although it has protected every-

thing from a Civil War memorial to an inventor's model, the company was genuinely puzzled when, during the '30s, it began receiving inquiries about burglar-alarm protection from Midwestern crematories. What on earth was there to protect in a place where the dead were reduced to ashes?

A mortician explained: in the case of at least one racketeer taken for a ride, there was evidence that his killers had broken into a crematorium and availed themselves of the intense fire always kept going in the furnaces to eliminate the corpus delicti. The owner was afraid his place might become a favorite spot for disposing of ride victims.

BACK IN 1871, WHEN the original company was founded in New York, ADT's function was to provide special messenger and police service for its patrons. From telegraphic call boxes in their homes, customers could signal for a messenger or for a private policeman who would be happy "to disperse crowds, remove intoxicated servants, prevent abuse by impudent peddlers, or remove vicious animals."

Soon similar organizations, started in other cities, began answering fire calls from their subscribers. When an alarm was received, a messenger was sent to give notice at the engine house, while another scurried to the source of the signal with a fire extinguisher on his back.

In 1882, following a great fire in the Chicago stockyards, the local company installed a night-watchman checking system in the packing houses. From a central station in the yards district, circuits were extended through all buildings, with

boxes for both fire alarms and regular reports by watchmen.

This service was quickly adopted in other cities, burglary protection was added, and in 1901 the loosely allied firms were united under common ownership as the American District Telegraph Companies.

As its laboratories perfected new devices, ADT added other services. Today, each central station is equipped to supervise, by remote control, the temperature in a greenhouse, the humidity in a chocolate factory, the steam pressure in a boiler, or the carbon-monoxide content of the air in a garage.

The brain of the system is the central station which at night resembles a monstrous pinball machine. Thousands of red and green lights blink on and off, bells clang, and automatic telegraph registers tap code signals on paper tapes. These are checked by alert operators ready for any emergency.

If a watchman fails to signal at the scheduled time and from the proper signal box, ADT immediately initiates an investigation. In 1948, some 3,000 watchmen were found asleep on the job, 2,255 sick or disabled through accidents, and 230 incapacitated by drink.

ADT has maintained an unbelievably high record of fire protection on its subscribers' premises. For the past ten years, the average fire loss

of its customers has been about \$4 for every \$10,000 of property.

In Seattle, not long ago, some tough lads in the King County Juvenile Detention Home planned to make a break—with the aid of fire. They piled kerosene-soaked rags in a closet and set them ablaze. In exactly ten seconds, an automatic fire-detection device gave the alarm at the ADT central station.

The nearest firehouse was notified by direct wire and the blaze was brought under control in less than three minutes. A major tragedy was narrowly averted for the 30 boys and girls in the home, since the doors were of necessity locked and the windows barred.

In addition to thousands of accidental fires every year, ADT also detects many planned fires, and sometimes arsonists have been captured because they couldn't leave the premises before the firemen were on the scene, thanks to an ADT call.

Of the 1948 class of criminals, an 18-year-old Baltimorean is down in the company's books as the most foolhardy of the year. Early one morning he broke into ADT's repair shop and was captured in two minutes flat. Given a brief explanation of how he had been caught with the aid of modern electronics, he said shamefacedly: "Next thing you know they'll grab us when we just begin thinking about pulling a job!"



Such Candor!

Heading on column of Census figures: "Population of U. S. Broken Down by Age and Sex."

—Gluey Gleanings

Hollywood's Sky Devil



by EZRA GOODMAN

Frank Clarke courted death for 25 years as the movies' top stunt flier, but his luck ran out when Fate took the controls

WHEN A SMALL PLANE crashed in the California hills near the town of Isabella in June, 1948, one of the most amazing careers in Hollywood history was brought to an end. At the controls was Frank Clarke, airman extraordinary and top stunt flier in the movies.

Yet the crash that brought death to Clarke did not happen in line of duty; he was not performing one of his spectacular feats which have brought thrills to millions on the screen. Clarke was flying his own plane, en route to a small gold mine in which he owned part interest—another outlet for his adventurous inclinations.

Suddenly, the engine sputtered out. This would have meant nothing to a flier of Clarke's capability

except for the fact that a bag of supplies had become wedged alongside the control stick. Unable to pull the stick back, Clarke plummeted to death.

Thus fate finally caught up with the high-flying man who had courted danger almost daily for more than a quarter of a century and who, only the day before his fatal crack-up, had finished work on M-G-M's drama of the Air Corps, *Command Decision*. Previously, Frank Clarke had appeared in the most notable aviation pictures of all time, among them *Hell's Angels*, *Night Flight*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, *Test Pilot*, *Dive Bomber* and *Captains of the Clouds*.

Tall and handsome, the stunt flier looked like a Hollywood star, and had done about everything with a plane that a human being can do. Early in his career, he took to the air from a downtown Los



Angeles building for a silent melodrama, *Stranger Than Fiction*. The plot specified that the building was the rendezvous for a gang of villains, and that they were to be foiled by aerial tactics. Clarke had a "Jenny" dismantled and taken up to the roof, where it was re-assembled. Then a runway 100 feet long and barely wide enough to accommodate the plane was built.

Clarke took off from the roof while a crowd of thousands watched from the street below. He just managed to stay in the air; and, years later, he said that the feat was tougher than taking off in a B-25 from an aircraft carrier.

In more recent times, Clarke did not hesitate at stunting in multi-engined planes, either. In *State of the Union*, he went through a series of spectacular loops and spins in a twin-engine Lockheed, the skyrobatics including two planes touching wings in mid-air.

In *Devil Dogs of the Air*, Clarke put his plane into a breath-taking spin, coming out of it perilously close to the ground, bouncing over an ambulance and landing on the other side. This prewar picture was made with official cooperation of the Marines at San Diego Naval Base, and when the film was shown in Japan to the military, they assumed the stunt was a standard American maneuver. The Japanese tried to match it, but 17 fliers were killed in the attempt.

Clarke repeated the feat in *A Night in Casablanca*, when he landed a C-47 on a highway on one side of an automobile, then bounced up and came down on the other. In the process he intentionally bumped the open hood of the car with a wheel of his plane, closing it before he landed on the far side, thereby surprising several film gendarmes who were supposed to be working on the stalled car, as required by the plot.

Plane foolishness like this was commonplace to Clarke. At one time or another he went from an auto to a plane, from a train to a plane, from a plane to a train, and from a horse to a plane.

For *Sky Devils*, Clarke took off in a dense jungle. The only way he could get the plane out was through a narrow gap between trees, so he flew his craft sideways on the take-off. On another occasion, he walked across the top of his plane in mid-air, made his way beneath the undercarriage and then back into the cockpit.

Clarke was a member of the Associated Motion Picture Pilots, a group of some 20 crack pilots who do almost all the film flying. He was also a member of the Screen Actors Guild, since he doubled for such profiles as Cary Grant, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Walter Pidgeon. For such daredeviltry, Clarke sometimes received as much as several thousand dollars a day.

In the course of his 10,450 hours in the air, he flew more than 180 types of planes, from "eggbeaters" like the Thomas-Morse Scout and the Curtiss Pusher to modern ships like the P-51 and the B-24. The ancient aircraft are stored in Hollywood garages and hangars, but Clarke had ready access to them.

THE KING OF STUNT FLIERS came to Hollywood from Paso Robles, California, in 1919. His formative years had been spent on a cattle ranch, where he had gotten no higher off the ground than horseback. After ten hours of instruction at the Venice airfield, Clarke was considered a professional pilot, and began taking up paying customers.

Before long, he acquired the nickname of "Spook" when he flew a Canuck plane from the tail with no one in the cockpit, guiding the craft by means of the flipper wires. He also gave exhibitions of wing-walking, and changed from one plane to another without a rope ladder. In 1919, Clarke became a screen pilot and one of his first achievements was stunt flying in *Hell's Angels*, the spectacular film which Howard Hughes completed at a cost of \$4,000,000.

Hell's Angels was a drama of the British Royal Flying Corps during World War I. Hughes built an airfield near Van Nuys in San Fernando Valley to represent an Allied base. Seven miles away he reproduced the "Jolly Baron's Nest," headquarters of von Richthofen, German ace. Clarke was chief pilot and technical adviser on the picture, supervising 50 pilots and 125 planes, including S. E. 5's, Fokker D VII's, Avros and De Havillands.

Hughes himself directed the big dogfights from a private plane, signaling instructions to cameramen and pilots from the air. Clarke, playing the role of "Baron von Bruen," leader of the German fliers, flew a Fokker D VII that had been used in the original Richthofen Flying Circus, piloting the plane for 500 hours and burning up five motors.

At times during his Hollywood career, Clarke was called upon to pilot the camera ship during the filming of an aerial scene. This requires the most controlled flying, since the camera plane has to be within sharp focus of the action at all times, and may have to come dangerously close to other craft in the air. Occasionally, when the aerial acrobatics were so hazardous that a cameraman could not be sent up, Clarke piloted the plane and handled the camera as well.

Once, he was flying with cameraman Charles Marshall to shoot scenes for *Coast Guard*. Forty miles north of Los Angeles, the control stick came loose in Clarke's hands. The bolt was missing. Lying on the floor of the open biplane, he grabbed the controls with his hands and signaled to cameraman Marshall in the rear cockpit.

Marshall unscrewed the handle of his aerial camera and passed it to Clarke over the windshield. The stunt flier managed to attach the handle to the control socket as an emergency stick and finally landed the plane safely. But for 20 minutes the craft had been flying no more than 200 feet above ground.

During World War II, Clarke was a lieutenant colonel in charge of secret training films in the First

Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Forces. Occasionally he would regale the men in his charge by showing a compilation of 4,000 feet of aerial stunt scenes from his various pictures. Then the youthful fliers would try to guess how he had accomplished them.

After the war, there was a trend away from air movies, and before his death Clarke bemoaned the passing of the daredevil era. As one of the few survivors of the original group of stunt fliers who dared death for the cameras, he admitted there was always an element of chance in his feats, yet he asserted that careful planning and

precision helped him to avoid major accidents.

Up until the end, Clarke believed that there would soon be a return to aerial movies, in which he could exercise his old skill and daring. "People who go to the movies," he would argue, "will always demand action in their pictures."

If he was right, the movies need not look far for material for one such film. They would find it in Frank Clarke's own career as a Hollywood sky devil, whose life was a series of carefully planned bouts with danger but whose luck finally ran out when danger came uninvited.



Squelch Elegant

"GOING FAR?" asked the talkative little man on the train.

"Only to Springfield," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers and wished to silence this one. "I am a commercial artist. My age is 46. I am married. I have a son of 20. He is at Harvard. My father died last January. He was on the Stock Exchange. Mother is still living. I have a niece with red hair. Our cook's name is Bridget. Is there anything else?"

—LEWIS FAYE COPELAND

A MAN WHO HAD LEARNED to share taxis in crowded Washington, D. C., went to Boston on business. At Boston's South Station, he jumped into a cab with another passenger, having heard the first fare give a destination close to his. He sat back with a cheery smile, turned to the other passenger and said pleasantly, "My name's Johnson."

"Mine," retorted the Bostonian frigidly, "is not."

—Swing

LITTLE HENRIETTA had supposedly retired for the night, but she began calling downstairs that there was a spider on the ceiling of her room.

Mummy and Daddy paid little attention to her, but when her yells became more strident her mother called up: "Now Henrietta, you're not afraid of a spider!"

Came the retort: "Then why am I standing out in the hall?"

—EDWIN B. HOAG



Here is proof that faith, hope and charity are still a source of human inspiration

A GIRL REPORTER who heard of an unusual woman in town called on her for an interview. The woman, a widow for years, had raised six children of her own and adopted 12 others.

The reporter's first question was the most natural one: "How have you been able to raise all these children and do it so well?"

"It's been very simple," the widow replied. "You see, I'm in a partnership."

"A partnership? What kind of partnership?"

The woman smiled a lovely, benign smile.

"One day a long time ago," she answered, "I said to the Lord: 'Lord, I'll do the work and You do the worrying,' and I haven't had a worry since."

—HERR SHELTON

NO MATTER HOW TOUGH the problem, Father always maintained he could work out a solution to it. As a youngster I knew his ritual. First he solemnly announced that he was going for a walk. On the way out, he'd pause at the moosehead in the hall and take down his stiff black Stetson.

Sometimes he'd be gone for an hour—sometimes 15 minutes. When

he returned he'd generally have a solution to the current crisis: rent, a dress for Mother, a suit for me, a loan for a neighbor. If walking failed, his solutions usually called for generous applications of prayer.

The family planning for years had been targeted toward the day I'd leave for college: discussion of a vocation, systematic laying away of a college fund, selection of high-school courses. All had a common goal—college.

The golden hour arrived and there was a problem: no money. A bank failure, promptly followed by the Depression, had wiped out the college fund plus any chance of replacing it. Even Father was discouraged. Perhaps I should work for a year or so, he suggested. Mother was shocked. I would never pick up the broken thread, she declared. Some way must be worked out—she didn't know just how.

That was the cue for Father to take down his weary Stetson and go for a walk. While he was gone, college flashed mockingly past on rosy, unreachable clouds—boisterous dormitories, a gay-sweatered campus, cathedral-like lecture halls, a pennant-flecked stadium. Then the cloud blurred in a teary mist.

Finally Father returned. His

stride was brisk and a faint smile was playing over his usually solemn features.

"You've found a way?" Mother asked hopefully.

Father smiled, but didn't reply.

"Is—is it prayer?" I asked.

Father pursed his lips and closed one eye. "Not just prayer," he said mysteriously.

"W-what else, Father?"

"Work!" he said, pointing his Stetson at me for emphasis. "Prayer and work! Your Mother and I will take care of the praying."

Somewhere they scraped up \$75 and I set off for college, hitchhiking on rosy clouds. Four years and approximately one thousand furnace fires later, I got my diploma. And I still had the equivalent of my original \$75 capital, plus a \$50 dividend.

But Father's highly cultivated walking could take no credit for the dividend. That was the reward of my own walking—as a surveyor's assistant at roughly ten cents a mile.

—SAM JUSTICE

TWO WOMEN AND A MAN stood shivering on a windswept Chicago street corner one midnight when the thermometer registered five degrees below zero, waiting for the streetcar that didn't come.

Finally one appeared—headed in the opposite direction—and stopped across the street. Its gong clanged repeatedly and they saw the motorman beckoning to them. Puzzled, they crossed over to the car and were told in a cheerful voice that seemed to take the chill out of the air, "Climb in! I'll give you a ride to the end of the line with me, so

you won't have to stand out there and freeze until I come back!"

Sir Walter Raleigh himself couldn't have spread his cloak of kindness before them more graciously or gallantly.

DURING A HOLIDAY VISIT to my home city, I was told about a wonderful thing the women there are doing.

When a relative or friend is in the hospital, instead of the usual flowers, they find out how much per day his or her room is, write a check to the hospital for the exact amount, and send it to the patient with a card, saying: "Be my guest for today!"

—MRS. W. M. DAVIS

IN A SMALL UPSTATE New York community there lives a landlord with a heart. Having a five-room apartment available for rent, he advertised it at a sliding-scale price: \$70 for adults, \$67.50 for adults with one child, \$65 for adults with two children, \$62.50 for adults and three children, \$60 for adults with four kids.

"Alcohol stains and cigarette burns do damage," the landlord explained, "but marks made by dirty little fingers wipe off easily. I was a kid once myself. Tenants, bring on the kids."

—MARCO INGRAM

Coronet invites its readers to contribute true stories or anecdotes to "Silver Linings." For each item accepted, we will pay \$50, upon publication. All contributions must be type-written, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Please address: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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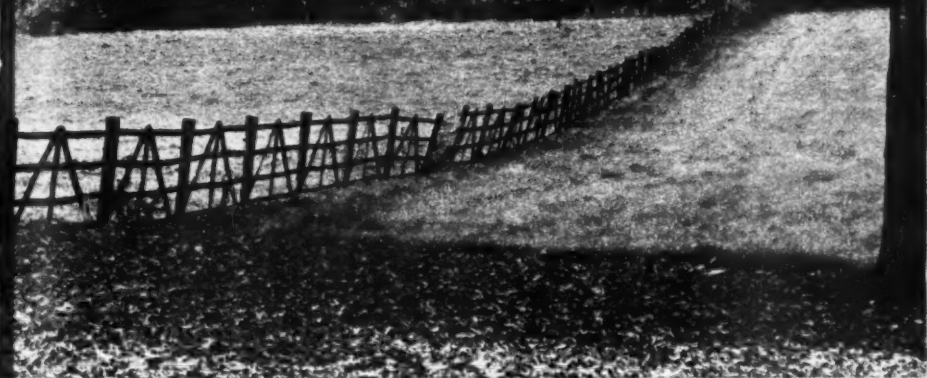
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 Picture Story

Sentinels of Time

by J. P. FOLINSBEE



Where there is wind and weather, and a clear reach of sky,
The trees will flock together, with leafy skirts held high.



Tall silvered monarchs of the hills, trees wrapped in splendor stand,
'Til the icy robes of the storm's will, yield to the wind's command.



Friendly guardians of the way, trees shed their grace on passers-by,
And from an autumn fountain spray, leaves that watched a summer die.



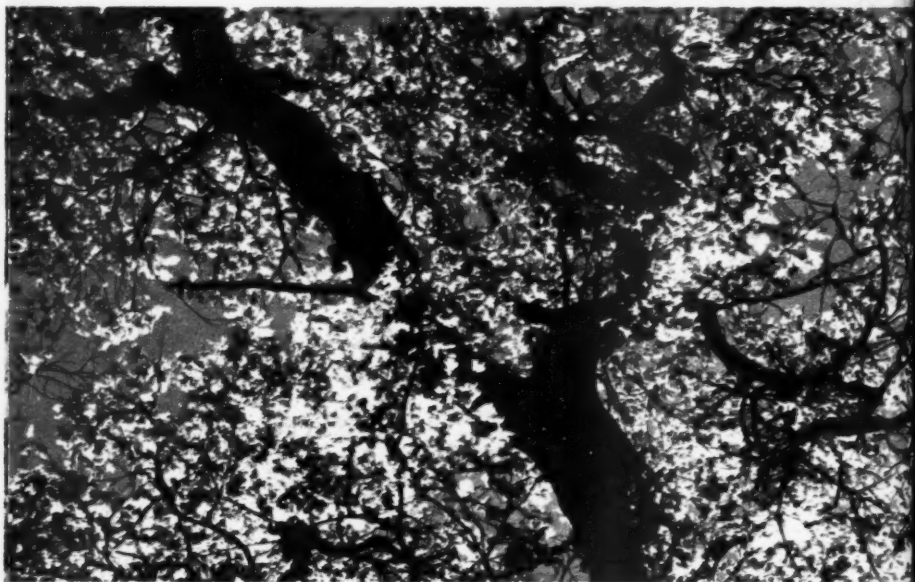
Lonely sentries of the sea, trees hold the ramparts of the shore,
Against the tidal enemy, and yield the rocks, but grant no more.



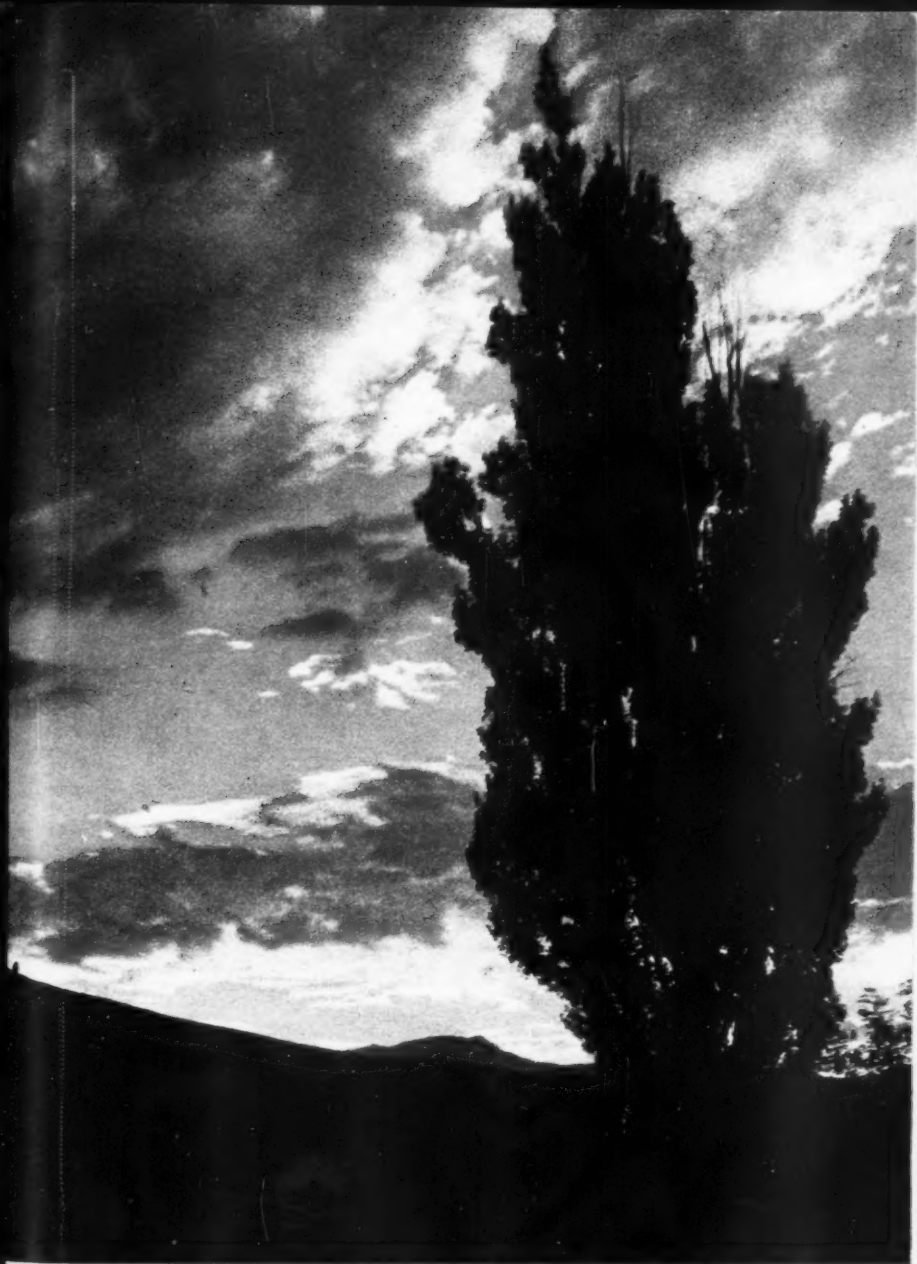
Green cathedrals of the years, trees hide centuries in each bough,
And cloister, in the rain's soft tears, the echo of a whispered vow.



Trees of the lyric Southland know eternal summer's rhapsodies,
And in the tranquil bayou's flow, they counterpoint their melodies.



Trees that seek the Northern sky wear the seasons in their hair,
And, in fair autumn, glorify the verdant promise spring pinned there.



Trees that marshal in the West, like living beacons of the plain,
Guide the sun unto its rest, and summon regiments of rain.



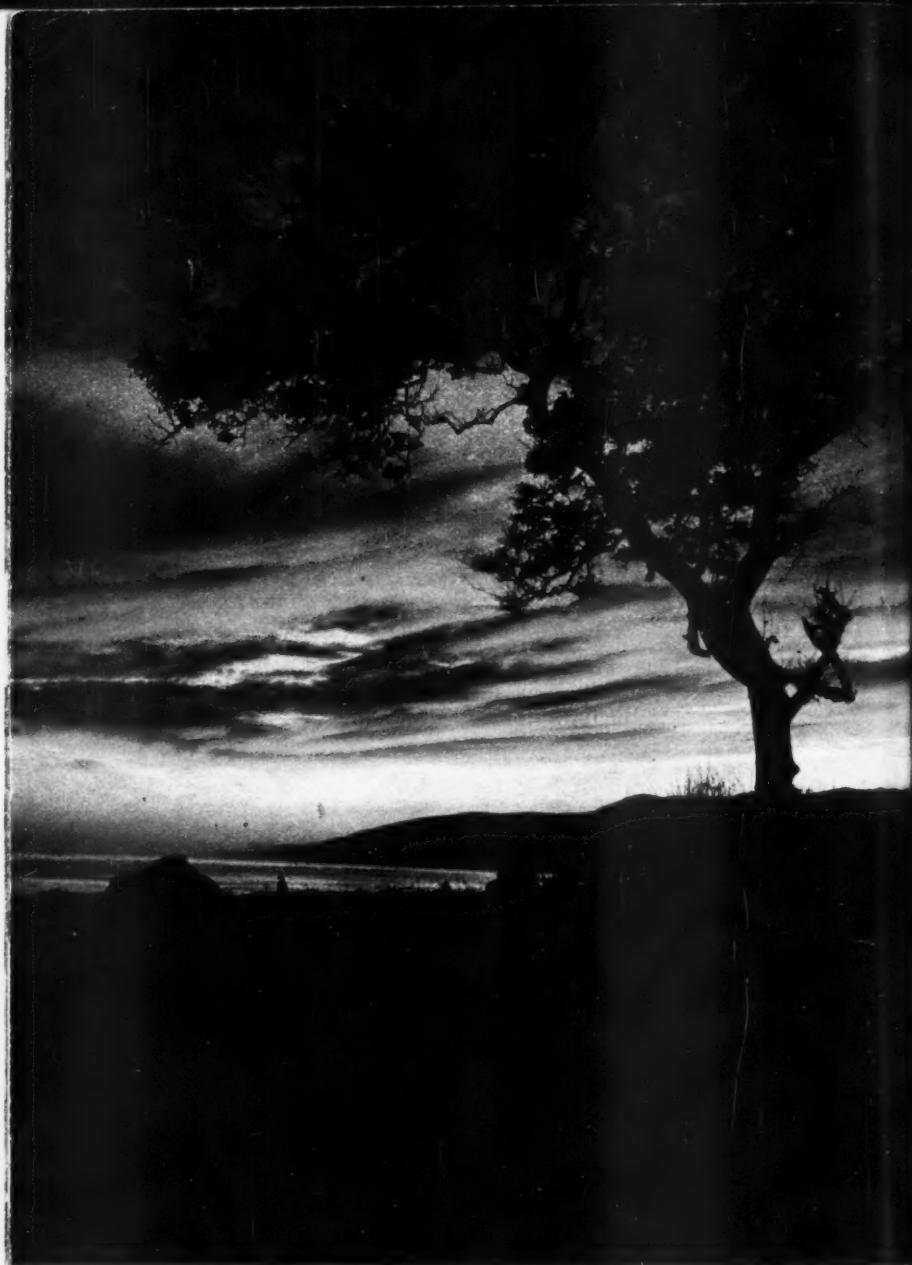
Through the forest windows flow, shafts of light on quiet wing,
To cast long shadows on the snow, and lead the winter into spring.



Trees hail the morning sun, and hold all somber clouds at bay,
While they unfurl, one by one, the brilliant banners of the day.



And still beneath an evening sky, they keep a vigil with the light,
And as the colors fade and die, draw down the curtain of the night.



Sentinels of time and sea, trees kneel upon the rooted sod,
And in a hushed soliloquy, they hold communion with their God.

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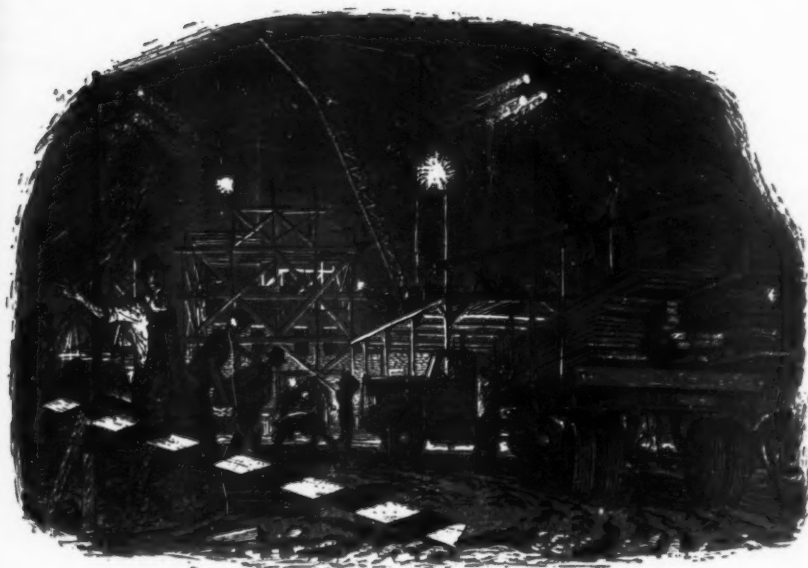
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When Greensboro Licked Polio

by EUGENE MILLER

With courage and teamwork, an aroused community met a frightening crisis head-on

ALL THROUGH THE warm, humid spring of 1948, tension mounted in Greensboro, North Carolina. By the middle of May, when Dr. Philip Stimson, infantile paralysis expert, faced a conference of local physicians, the situation had become acute.

"Gentlemen, since the first of the month there have been 19 polio cases in Greensboro and 29 in the county," he said. "If the rate of incidence continues, you may have an epidemic on your hands."

The warning came none too soon, for with the arrival of hot weather new cases were reported daily. A

six-year-old girl came home from school and complained of chills and a sore throat. After one look, the doctor diagnosed—bulbar polio. By the time the child reached the hospital, the disease had already spread to her spine and brain. Four hours later she was dead.

A high-school athlete complained of being tired one afternoon and went to bed. Paralysis had set in. A pregnant mother, 30 years old, was stricken; then a 45-year-old businessman.

As the cases increased, fear swept the community. Some parents sent their children North. Rumors

spread that Greensboro residents would be barred from entering other states. Salesmen struck the city off their travel routes. Business slumped as farmers avoided the plagued city.

By June, 41 cases had been reported in Guilford County, and the city was helpless to provide the proper care. The only polio hospital available was shack-like Overseas Replacement Depot, which was converted into a hospital, where patients were jammed together in one large room, attended by a handful of doctors and nurses.

Aroused city officials called a town meeting and Norris Hadaway, local theater manager and chairman of the Guilford County chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, outlined the grim facts to the big audience.

"We don't know when all this will end," Hadaway said, "but we do know that Greensboro has more polio cases per capita than any other city in America. We must do something quick. Give us your support and we'll lick this thing."

"You tell us what you want, Norris, and we'll get it done!" a textile worker shouted. He was seconded by hundreds of others.

Hastily, an emergency program was drawn up and the entire community of 80,000 swung into action. The City Council turned over the three-story Record Building as an emergency convalescent hospital. Within 48 hours, volunteer workmen had stripped away office furnishings, erected partitions, and were bringing in medical equipment.

To check the spread of disease, movies were barred to children under 16. Swimming pools and

playgrounds shut down, and visitors were forbidden in hospitals. Sunday schools were closed and youngsters received Bible lessons by radio.

Polio emergency teams sent by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis showed nurses and doctors new methods of combating polio, and organized clinics to demonstrate latest techniques of treatment. Planes sprayed the streets with DDT. Doctors and physical therapists were hastily recruited, while the Red Cross combed the country for experienced nurses.

But by July, in spite of this valiant mobilization, the city had 176 cases, and the isolation ward at ORD and the convalescent hospital in the Record Building were filled to overflowing. Already five deaths had been reported.

THE NEED FOR A new hospital was obvious and urgent. Again Hadaway took up the cudgels, the fight now a personal one, since his own wife had been stricken. Contractor Henry Coble estimated that a semi-permanent barracks-type hospital could be built in 30 days at a cost of \$60,000. "I'll start anytime you say," he promised.

Greensboro approved the idea unanimously. But where was the \$60,000 to come from?

"We'll raise it," said Carl Jeffress, business manager of Greensboro's two newspapers, "and we'll get the radio stations to help."

The response was an instantaneous and heart-warming example of man's inherent generosity in the face of community need. Within 24 hours, the two small towns of Gibsonville and Whitsett had raised \$1,225. A poorly dressed woman

walked into Hadaway's office, clutching a handful of crumpled \$2 bills. "I've been saving those for a long time," she said, "but you need them more than I do."

Bob Jones of radio-station WBIG announced on his early morning show: "I'm going to beat this gong, and keep beating it until you people come across with money for the new hospital. Now who'll give \$50 . . . \$100 . . . \$200?" he shouted as he whacked the gong. Minutes later the switchboard was flooded with calls. Jones raised \$52,000.

Greensboro Shriners, Elks, Optimists and firemen formed a K.O. Polio Club and organized a square dance, baseball game and a half-mile parade that brought in \$77,000. Station WHPE in near-by High Point joined with the Junior Chamber of Commerce and started a Polio Bridge that netted \$57,000.

The people of the Piedmont opened their hearts and purses, and at the end of 14 days the original \$60,000 goal had been so far exceeded that it was decided to build a permanent 134-bed hospital. The county donated the land and on July 8, four convalescent patients, their legs encased in braces, were hoisted aboard a huge bulldozer. One of them pulled a lever, the bulldozer's blade dug deep into a cane field, and construction on the Central Carolina Convalescent Hospital was under way.

The new hospital plans called for yet more money and the campaign drums beat again. A community sing in Madison, 30 miles away, netted \$2,000. Greensboro taxi drivers donated a day's fare and waitresses their tips. Junior Chamber of Commerce members col-

lected \$3,000 worth of scrap paper.

With money pouring in, the immediate need was for material and labor. On the material front, John Foster, young textile executive, was named procurement chairman, and soon small miracles were being performed in a back-street office.

When delivery on ventilation equipment proved slow, Foster and his co-workers located 14 penthouse fans at Camp Butner, 75 miles away. But when the truck rumbled onto the hospital site that afternoon, escorted by state highway patrolmen, there were 15 fans aboard.

"I thought you could use a spare," the driver grinned.

The most dramatic procurement problem was how to fly a rush order of 13,700 pounds of heating equipment from La Crosse, Wisconsin. There were no regularly scheduled flights between the cities, but at this point, City Judge E. Earle Rives wired his old friend, Secretary of the Army Royall. The Secretary called the Air Force and two "Flying Boxcars" took off for La Crosse.

Thirty-one hours later, the planes reached the Greensboro-High Point Airport with their seven-ton cargo. Volunteer firemen and civic-club members rushed the equipment to the hospital, where workmen were waiting to install it.

The call for labor brought out the most unselfish community cooperation of the entire crisis. Volunteer workmen streamed to the construction site to give services free. Farmers laid aside their plows, college students skipped classes, and businessmen left their offices to take over as emergency masons, plumbers, carpenters and electricians.

Union and non-union labor

sweated it out together in the 100-degree heat. Overtime and double-time were waived as workmen spent afternoons, nights and week ends on the hospital. Negro and white worked side by side, for polio knew no color line. By August 15, the building was up, and workmen concentrated on the interior.

By the end of the month, the campaign for funds reached \$300,000. "The people of Greensboro have done an unbelievable job," wired Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation.

As work on the hospital proceeded, the number of polio cases in Greensboro and the neighboring counties reached 379, and almost two deaths were reported weekly. The National Foundation sent \$300,000 to Greensboro to pay for patients' hospital bills, and contributed iron lungs, respirators, hot-pack machines and other equipment. Local merchants and citizens donated beds, radios, kitchen equipment and other supplies.

Fatalities dropped with the arrival of sufficient medical equipment. Physical therapists massaged lifeless arms and legs, and soothing therapeutic baths helped speed recovery of paralyzed muscles.

One boy, who had a mild case, was able to leave the hospital four days after being admitted. Two months previous, this was unheard of. A woman, stricken with bulbar, was discharged after five weeks of expert attention and treatment. With the approach of fall, the epidemic leveled off; and finally, on September 13, it was proclaimed over.

Then, on October 11, 95 days after ground was first broken in the cane field, Central Carolina Convalescent Hospital opened its doors to 116 patients from the two old polio units. Ambulances carried the more serious cases, with nurses hand-pumping iron lungs.

The great structure of steel and concrete, second largest polio unit in the world, is valued at \$1,000,000—with all labor and funds donated by residents of Greensboro and surrounding communities. In years to come, it will serve not only polio patients but will be used as an orthopedic unit, caring for the sick of Greensboro and other Piedmont communities. But more than that, Central Hospital will serve as a monument to the spirit of a community—a shining monument to man's humanity and unselfishness in time of crisis.



Independence, It's Wonderful!

A LABORER out of work for many months had been living on his unemployment checks. One day he was asked why he hadn't been able to find work. "Oh, I've found it,"

he said, "but it would pay me only \$5 a week more than I'm getting now. After giving it serious consideration, I preferred to remain independent."

—GEORGE C. BOSTON

SAVED BY PRAYER

by JOHN ALLEN

IN THE EARLY SPRING of 1877, Minnesota farmers anxiously surveyed their lands, dreading the first hordes of locusts that had caused such widespread destruction the summer before. Another such plague threatened to destroy Minnesota's rich wheatlands, spelling ruin for thousands of families.

Suddenly, Gov. John S. Pillsbury proclaimed April 26th as a day of fasting and prayer, urging that every man, woman and child ask Divine help against the terrible "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

On the appointed day, shops, offices and schools were closed and a strange hush fell over the land as Minnesotans solemnly assembled to pray.

Next morning the sun rose in cloudless skies. Overnight, temperatures had soared to midsummer heat. Everywhere, the people

looked up at the skies in wonder. This was no natural April sun! And, to their horror, the warm earth began to stir with the awakening larvae of billions of the dreaded insects. This was a strange answer to their prayers!

Three days passed, and the unseasonable heat hatched out a vast army of locusts that threatened to engulf not only the crops of Minnesota but of the entire Northwest! Then, on the fourth day, the sun went down in a cold sky. And that night frost gripped the earth. When the sun rose again, it shone on quiet, frozen fields. Most of the creeping locusts had been destroyed as surely as if fire had swept them from the earth!

When summer came, the wheat waved tall and green in Minnesota. And for the grateful farmers, April 26th went down in history as the day on which a people's prayer had been answered.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



Found: One Filipino Boy

Here is the happy sequel to Coronet's story of a young war hero and his GI friend

ONE DAY IN THE closing months of the war, a 12-year-old Filipino lad named Jesus wandered into a U.S. military camp in Leyte. Offering to sell the amused GIs a water buffalo on which he was riding, Jesus settled for a job as "house-boy." His good manners, cleanliness and amiable nature soon won him a niche in the soldiers' hearts.

Despite memories of having seen his mother murdered by the Japanese, Jesus was always cheerful and pleasant. He struck up a close friendship with one soldier, Charles Russell of Austin, Texas, and the

two spent many an hour talking of America. Russell discovered that Jesus knew a great deal about Abraham Lincoln, and could even sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* in a clear soprano.

With the war's end, Russell lost track of Jesus. Although he sent letters to residents of San Pablo—Jesus' birthplace—he was unable to locate the boy. Then, as a combined tribute to Jesus and an appeal for news of his whereabouts, Russell wrote an article entitled, "Missing: One Filipino Boy," which appeared in the May, 1949, issue of CORONET.



Recently, the former Texas GI sent CORONET two letters. One, his own, announced that Jesus had been found. The other, written in pencil on blue-lined paper, was from the missing Filipino youth. CORONET is pleased to have played a part in bringing about a reunion between Russell and his long-lost friend. Following are quotations from the two letters:

To the Editors of Coronet,
Dear Sirs:

The search has ended. Jesus has been found!

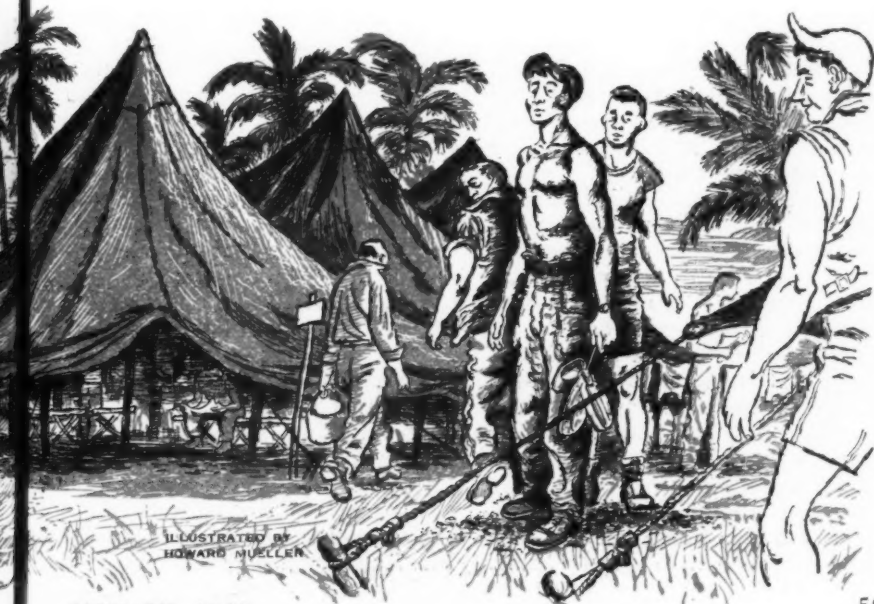
However, now I am faced with the task of answering some 70 letters from all over the world, inquiring about the boy, offering suggestions, or just being friendly. All the letters mentioned the article in CORONET and their content and tone ranged all the way from deep

seriousness to tragic comedy. One ex-GI wrote about being unable to find another Filipino lad with whom he had struck up a friendship. A Filipino man wrote from Tulsa, asking news of his native Leyte. One girl wanted to know if I were her long-lost brother, a Franklin Russell. But most of the letters from the Philippines thanked me for writing something nice about the people there.

I am enclosing the original letter from Jesus. As you can see, it is in pencil and fading fast. But I did not want to send a copy without sending the original. To me, the original has something that the copy could never reproduce.

Sincerely,
Charles Russell.

Dear Mr. Charles Russell: I think you will be surprised to hear



from me again though I never wrote one to you. I was so stupid for not writing you even though how much you send letters to my town. By the way Mr. Russell how is life getting along? Is it fine? I hope so.

Well I think you'll be amazed onto how I get down to write you this letter. My neighbor wrote me a letter about that, you sent to my home town inquiring to where I lived. Tell you frankly, Charles, I'm here in the city of Cebu earning a few pennies to support myself. My father died two years ago and so I have to work to support myself to school. I'm only a newspaper boy. My neighbor also read an article in the magazine CORONET still about me and she even sent me a copy. She said what a shame on me if I don't still answer you. So I decided to write you this letter.

As I read the article you have not forgotten the story I told about how mother died and about my life during the Japanese war. I think it is very impossible to contact our mayor in San Pablo because they have elected a new one. And he don't know me either.

As to my last name it is Santiago. My full name is Jesus Santiago. I am now on the age of 17 years and I will be 18 this September 15, 1949. In San Pablo I have no close friends because I was one of the evacuees there. I am a native of Tolosa. It is just a town near-by. When you move out my father and I went to Tolosa where he met his sickness heart disease. I think one of the cause is mother's death. So you see you could not write to my friends in San Pablo because they do not know where we are going.

So I'm writing this letter you personally so you could write to me now and then.

But please Mr. Charles Russell excuse me for writing this letter in pencil because I got no fountain. If ever I answer you in ink that's because I am able to secure and borrow from my neighbors here in the city. They are very kind to me for they know my situation. School is going to open next week and I am going to school. I am now on the 8th grade and hope to continue my studies.

Please Mr. Russell don't mail your letter via air mail, because I am ashamed if I could not send you by the same kind of mail. I just want it to be sent in ordinary mail. And please forgive this paper too I have no other paper to write on. I think my handwriting has now improve well. So I'm expecting you to understand my letter.

I was greatly touched by your affection to me on looking for me anywhere. I don't like my friends to answer you but I will answer you personally. I hope your longing for your Filipino houseboy is now ended by this letter of mine. Please don't ever publish anything about me again. I'm so ashamed. If someone might ever heard of my situation they would think that I'm sending articles to be publish.

I just wanted to tell you that I never forgot you are the first American who give me a chocolate bar. I will never forget it as you never forget me. Really I do like to send you my picture but I'm ashamed. I could see how you laugh at my picture when you saw it.

Can you send me your picture Mr. Russell. I just love to show it to

my friends here that this is the American GI who still remember his tentboy in the Philippines. I just love to have your picture. I think I could send you my picture sooner or later. I wish you do this sincerely. I have come to this place Cebu because they said Cebu is the place for earning money. So please do answer me with your picture, Mr. Russell.

How's the family circle? Are they on good health? As for me alone I am alright. I am working from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. going around the city with the press bicycle delivering newspapers.

Here in the Philippines it is very hot. I just love to have sunglasses to protect my eyes. Mr. Russell if ever you have used sunglasses can you kindly send it to me. I like my eyes to be protected from the sun. Can you kindly give me one. I do not mean you to buy one for me but just send me your used one.

Can you also secure for me a hat. A hat not for men but for this teenagers hat. I just love to wear it. We get here some in the Philippines but very dear. Can you secure for me and I'll send you the money as I would answer you next mail. Just tell me the price for I am saving a

few pennies for this thing I requested from you.

Well I think this letter is too long for now but anyway it has been a long time since I did not write to you. Will you forgive for all the same things I did like ignoring your whereabouts about me. Well, I'm all the same and always obeying my master's command like Mr. Russell and that's you.

Please forgive me for what I did before. Never will it happen again.

Your faithful houseboy,

Jesus.

P.S. Please try to secure for me a sunglass and hat. Thanks a lot master.

My address:

Jesus Santiago,
62 F. Manalili St.,
Cebu City, P. I.

P.S. Good-bye and God bless you all. Extend my best regards to all your family like Mommy, Daddy, brother, sisters, aunties, uncles, grandma, grandpa, relatives, and may you all stay in good health. And don't forget the sunglasses and the hat. Good-bye and good writing and answering my letter Mr. Russell,

Jesus.



She Asked for It!

WHEN IT CAME to naming the new mine, the prospector's wife said: "Will you name it after me?"

"You bet I will, darling," said the prospector. "I'm naming it in

your honor." And from that day to this, one of the richest gold mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota has been known as The Holy Terror.

—JACK SEAMAN



A New Plan to Cut Your Income Tax

by GWILYM A. PRICE

(President of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation)

Here is a program designed to help the taxpayer and bolster our national economy

AT THE HEART of any conviction that America's future can be greater than her past lies the problem of taxation. Here, perhaps, is the most significant single factor in our national economy today.

More than one dollar in every four that we earn is taken directly from us by tax collectors for city, county, state and federal governments, or is consumed by hundreds of hidden taxes on everything from cigarettes to limousines. Hence, how these taxes are levied is of supreme importance in determining what kind of an economy we are to have, and which way our country is to go. It can be either a dead hand or a force for progress.

A tax program which I believe can be a powerful force for progress is the Incentive Income Tax Plan,

designed by my fellow-Pittsburghers, Frank Wilbur Main and M. C. Conick. Their plan is not designed as a cure-all for the problems of taxation, but it will go far, I feel, toward relieving the American people of the many inequities under our present income-tax laws.

Listed below are the main planks of the plan which I am convinced will benefit and encourage: a) labor; b) business enterprise; c) savings and investment; and d) the intelligent spending that leads to better living:

1. All income should be taxed at the same rates, whether it is received by an individual or by a corporation.

2. Exemptions should be raised to \$1,000 for a single person, and \$2,000 for a married couple, and

remain at \$600 for each dependent.

3. The new graduated rates should begin at 15 per cent on the first \$2,500 of taxable income, and rise to a maximum of 50 per cent at the \$50,000 level and above.

4. Eliminate the double tax on corporation dividends by freeing the stockholder of tax liability.

To these recommendations, I would add this proposal:

5. Allow corporations to retain untaxed more of their earnings, insofar as they are used for modernization of plants and machinery.

Now, how could these tax revisions help our people to a better tomorrow? First, consider the small income earner, like the average farmer and the person who lives on a modest salary or pension.

To start with, 20,000,000 individuals who now pay income taxes would be released from paying anything at all! This would be accomplished by raising the exemption from the present \$600 per person to \$2,000 for husband and wife.

Assuming the customary ten per cent in deductions for contributions, interest, local taxes and the like, a family of four today pays tax on all wages above \$51 a week. Under the incentive plan, the family would have to earn \$68—or \$17 more a week—before the tax collector got anything.

Now, let's see how the plan would work for a family of the same size which earns more. If the husband and father makes \$3,500 a year, he now pays about \$125 in income taxes. Under the incentive plan, he would pay nothing. The \$5,000-a-year man who now pays about \$350 would pay only \$195. In the \$7,000 bracket, where he now turns over

about \$650, even after taking advantage of the new joint-income provisions, his bill would be cut to \$465. If he is at the \$10,000 level, his \$1,167 tax would drop to \$890.

For the big earners, the incentive tax would rise to a limit of 50 per cent on incomes of \$50,000 or more, putting into practice the popular belief that any man deserves a 50-50 break from the tax collector.

SO MUCH FOR the individual earner. What about the company for which he works?

Obviously, as head of a corporation, I do not find palatable an *increase* in the corporate maximum income rate from 38 to 50 per cent. I could not possibly support such a provision, except as part of a total plan which I am convinced would be in the best interests of stockholders, employees, management and customers, and therefore of the corporation itself.

Today, a business with more than \$50,000 net earnings pays in income tax a top rate of 38 cents of every \$1 it earns. Under the incentive plan, the corporation would pay in graduated amounts up to 34 per cent of the first \$50,000 earned, but would pay 50 per cent on all earnings over \$50,000. This would be an unbearable burden, unless it were offset by such benefits as:

1. Elimination of the double tax on dividends.

2. Greater freedom for corporations to retain more of their earnings for growth.

Elimination of dual taxes on dividends, along with the freeing of millions of small earners from income taxes, would be the most important boost our lawmakers could

give to America's financial welfare. To appreciate the importance of this step, let us see how the dollars which buy stock—and provide the capital to make jobs—are now doubly penalized for taking that risk.

In the first place, the profits these dollars earn are taxed as corporation income—the tax that now goes up to 38 per cent. Then, when the corporation pays part of what it has left to the stockholder in return for the use of his money, the investor in the top bracket is asked to pay as much as 82 per cent on that!

For example, before Westinghouse pays a stockholder a dividend of \$1.25 a share for using his money, it must first pay federal and state taxes of about 85 cents a share. But that is only tax No. 1. The investor in turn must pay a second tax, running anywhere up to 82 per cent, or \$1.03 of the \$1.25 he gets.

Even if he is only a moderately wealthy man, he will pay enough tax to reduce the return on his investment to a mere three per cent. Three per cent! What incentive is there in such a return to persuade the investor to put his money into corporation stock, to turn over his savings to help make jobs for others, to help produce more and better products at lower prices?

The U. S. has become the world's greatest nation only because its founding fathers and the pioneers who followed them were willing to take a chance. But who would have opened the West, built the railroads, prospected for oil, or labored to perfect the automobile if the rule had been: "If you succeed, the government takes most of your profit. If you fail, the loss is all yours"? Removal of the double tax on divi-

dends is at the very core of the argument that the best financial policy for a democracy is the one which leaves the greatest initiative in the hands of its people.

THE INCENTIVE TAX PLAN is not perfect. What are the principal drawbacks against it?

Frankly, it won't raise as much money for the government as our present tax program does. On the basis of the 1948 national income, this new plan would have cut the government's total take from \$29 billion to an estimated \$25 billion.

Even in these days of big federal spending, \$4 billion is a lot of money. But it needn't be all lost. In the first place, it happens to be just about the amount the Hoover Commission says could be cut from the government's expenses by reorganizing federal agencies. Maybe if there were \$4 billion less coming in, the President and Congress would have a little incentive of their own to bear down harder on spending.

There are other incentives, too. By removing 20,000,000 persons from the tax rolls and cutting the bills of others, there will be more money in their hands to buy the things they need. This, in turn, will bring increased business and higher tax yields. And more of the same would be accomplished by removing the double tax on dividends, prompting the creation of new enterprises and new jobs.

The second complaint against the incentive plan charges that freeing millions from paying taxes will make them less insistent that their government operate economically and efficiently. But if you look at the record of recent years, you will

find little support for this argument. With one-third of all Americans on the tax rolls, where is the proof that our government has become economy-minded?

To me, it seems essential that tax relief be given to those in the lower income brackets so that they can keep their families' living standards as high as possible. Too much of these low incomes is currently going for taxes. Take just one example:

Think of the wage-earner's tax bill and his life-insurance bill. It is the exceptional worker who does not pay far more in taxes than he pays to protect his family's future.

One of the major advantages of the incentive plan is that it is easy for the taxpayer to comprehend and easy for the government to operate. How different from our present complicated tax laws, which have been described as a code for penalizing success! The incentive plan is a forward-looking program, based on the belief that our greatest days as a nation are still ahead.

To go forward confidently, our country needs nearly 700,000 new jobs a year. That figure represents the margin by which young men and women looking for jobs outnumber the oldsters who quit.

But today's worker does not depend on his hands alone. He uses the best and most efficient tools in the world, and they cost a lot of

money—on the average, perhaps \$8,000 per job. This means we have to pour about \$5½ billion of new money into business each year just to provide new jobs for all who want them. That money should come only from voluntary investment by individuals.

In recent months, we have seen the increasing tendency of pressure groups to turn to the government for help in fighting a slowdown of our business machine. This is all part of the idea that government can provide security for all, that government can protect us from loss and guarantee us a profit.

But the idea is a fallacy. Government does not earn any money. It has for spending only what it takes from its citizens in the form of taxes. It cannot create jobs, income, or guarantees of any sort except by taking money from one group and giving it to another.

Far better, it seems to me, is a government that gives its citizens the incentive to make their own way—an incentive to *work harder* and *risk more* because both worker and investor will earn and *keep* their fair share of the wealth thus created. I am convinced that a tax structure based on such confidence in ourselves as a free people will yield increased prosperity and bring higher living standards to every family in the United States.

Quaint Coincidence



IN BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, a passer-by paused to investigate a slight rustling in a curbstone wastebasket marked "Place Litter Here"—and uncovered a dog and her four pups.

—CHARLES SANTOS



The Mystery of the Silent Sailor

by PATRICK MAHONY

Here is the eerie, intriguing story of a ghost message that led to a rescue at sea

THE FIRST MATE of the *S. S. Vestris*, bound for St. John, New Brunswick, in 1828, was young Robert Bruce, a descendant of the Liberator of Scotland. One day at noon, he was on deck with the captain, taking observations of the sun. Afterwards, both went below to calculate the day's run.

The mate struggled with his figures for some time, then went to the captain's cabin. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't make it come out right."

Slowly the man at the desk turned toward him, and Bruce felt an electric shock. It was not the captain he saw, but a complete

stranger who resembled no one on board. Bruce met the man's fixed gaze in frightened silence, then ran from the cabin.

On deck he found the captain. "Sir, there's a stranger in your cabin," he cried.

"A stranger? It must be the steward or second mate. Who else would enter my cabin without orders?"

"No, sir," insisted Bruce, "it was a face I never saw before."

"Go below again and take another look," said the captain.

"I am no coward, sir," Bruce replied, "but I'd rather not go down there alone."

Below deck, they found the cabin

From *Out of the Silence* by Patrick Mahony. Copyright, 1948, by the author and published at \$2.50 by Storm Publishers, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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empty. The ship was searched, but no stranger could be found. Bruce, however, stuck to his story. "If I didn't see that man writing on your slate, sir, I'll give up a whole year's pay!" he said stubbornly.

"Then the writing should still be there," said the captain. In a moment the slate was in his hands. And there was writing on it!

"This must be your handwriting, Bruce," said the captain. On the slate was written in legible letters: *Steer Northwest*. "Come now, are you playing a trick on me? Let's see you write those words."

Bruce's handwriting was compared with that on the slate, but it was entirely different. Then all the crew members furnished samples of their hand. But the writing was in no case similar. Finally the captain made his decision.

"I am a God-fearing man," he said. "There must be some hidden meaning to the message, some providential force at work. We will steer northwest and see what happens."

In a little while, an iceberg was

sighted ahead. When the *Vestris* neared, another vessel could be seen wrecked and frozen to the ice, its decks swept by waves. The *Vestris* hove to and found a number of survivors. As the shipwrecked mariners were brought to safety, Bruce noted one in particular. It was the image of the man he had seen writing on the slate.

As soon as the rescue was completed, Bruce told the captain of his discovery. Then they talked to the captain of the wrecked vessel. "Yes, I know what you mean," he said slowly. "He predicted that we would be rescued this very day."

Called to the cabin, the seaman told them that a few hours before the rescue he had dreamed that he was aboard another craft and that they were coming to rescue the survivors on the ice.

The captain of the *Vestris* picked up the slate. "Copy that message," he commanded.

The seaman wrote: "Steer Northwest." And the handwriting of the two messages was identical!



Poetic Justice

A MAN CAME INTO a big hardware store and asked the clerk for a lamp. The clerk showed him one, then said: "Now, with that you'll want a cord—that's \$3.50 extra; and a couple spare bulbs—that'll come to 75 cents; and you're gonna need an extra shade—another \$1.50."

"Listen," snapped the customer.

"I came in here for a lamp—"

The clerk shrugged. "Take these other things with it, or forget the whole business."

The customer walked out, at which a new clerk asked the one who had waited on him how come.

"Didn't you recognize him?" said Clerk No. 1. "That's our local automobile dealer."

—The Investment Dealers' Digest

Gift Store TO THE NATION



John Plain has made diamonds and mink available in the smallest crossroads hamlet

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

WHEN A NEBRASKA farmer decided to give his wife an expensive diamond ring, he didn't go to a swank jewelry shop in the nearby big city. Instead he drove into the village of 110 people.

It was just a crossroads hamlet—a cluster of homes, a church, two gas stations, half a dozen stores. The store the farmer picked for his purchase was a weather-beaten structure from which swung a venerable sign announcing: HAY, FEED & GENL. MDSE. Here, for more than 30 years, he had bought the family groceries and clothing, the farm supplies.

He strode to the battered coun-

ter, piled high with bolts of cloth. "Well, Sam," he said. "I've decided to take that platinum ring with the emerald-cut diamond." With that, he calmly wrote out a check for \$2,535.

Diamond rings in a crossroads store complete with cracker barrel, nail kegs, and an old-time coffee mill? It sounds incongruous, but what happened recently in that village can happen any day all over America, in villages like Cranberry Prairie, Ohio (population 10); Wide Ruins, Arizona (population 9); or even Squirrel, Idaho (population 5).

No town is so small or remote

that it can't have a store boasting a \$1,000,000 stock available for prompt delivery. This astonishing fact is made possible by a fabulous enterprise which bears the home-spun name of John Plain & Company. By turning 44,000 country stores into emporia with glittering offerings of jewelry, china, furs, luggage, toys, electrical appliances, housewares, furniture and other merchandise, this unique business has earned itself the title, "America's Biggest Crossroads Store." And yet amazingly enough the company has a strange policy: it refuses to sell merchandise in any town with a population of more than 4,999.

The John Plain success story is based on a grass-roots selling device that enables country stores to compete with big mail-order houses and city department stores in the sale of nationally advertised merchandise. This merchandising magic is accomplished by the John Plain Book, a lavish 624-page compendium which, in humbler guise, might be called a catalogue.

To sell any item of merchandise, all the merchant has to do is let the customer look at the Book and say, "I'll take that." Whereupon the storekeeper can either phone Chicago or send the order by mail or wire. Or he may even do what one Texas merchant did when a customer ordered a whole houseful of furniture. Just to make sure that his customer had picked the right items, the storekeeper took a plane to Chicago in the morning, checked out what his customer wanted, flew back in the afternoon.

The idea of a company which would do business only in small towns originated in the mind of

John Plain's president, Harold Lachman. Twenty-five years ago, he and his partner, John W. Plain, were operating a mail-order jewelry business. They might have kept on with this modest enterprise if Lachman had not gone on a fishing trip to the village of Stone Lake in northern Wisconsin.

Strictly a big-city man who hailed originally from San Francisco, Lachman strolled down Main Street, thinking idly that the chances of getting business in a town of less than 200 inhabitants must be slim indeed. Finally he wandered into the general store.

"Ever sell any jewelry?" he asked the proprietor.

"Nope."

"Anybody ever want to buy any?"

"Not often enough so that I could afford to stock it."

Lachman walked out of that store with an idea that made him rush back to Chicago. There, in the public library, he pored over census reports. The facts left him stunned. More than half the people in the U. S. lived in communities of less than 5,000!

By the time he excitedly told John Plain about his discovery, Lachman had a vision of the vast hinterlands of America dotted with general stores selling all sorts of high-grade merchandise. The two young men would set up a wholesale supply company, then publish a book picturing their merchandise. Storekeepers could use that book as a substitute for stock. They already had the perfect name for the business . . . John Plain. Its simplicity was magic.

"If I had sat up nights," says Lachman, "trying to dream up a

name with basic American appeal, I could never have thought of anything better than that."

Armed with little more than a perfect name and some startling statistics, Lachman and Plain moved into a building on North Michigan Avenue. Soon, the first John Plain Book, a slender 98-page affair, brought in orders. And the company never stopped growing, even during the Depression.

John Plain has retired to his New England farm, but Lachman continues to run the company. He still likes to write copy for the Book himself, and to keep up correspondence with dealers whose names have been familiar for years.

Lachman's faith in small towns has been vindicated in surprising ways. Last year, on its multimillion-dollar sales, John Plain's net credit losses totaled exactly \$146.32!

Walter H. Richter, treasurer, explains it by saying, "Guess small-town folks are just naturally honest." But the real reason is probably to be found in the way John Plain does business. As one Kentucky mountain storekeeper put it:

"They're just as comfortable as an old shoe. When my place burned out, I had to write them and say I couldn't pay my bill. They just told me to take my time and get back on my feet. It was the same with folks 'round here. They gave me a thousand dollars' worth of orders out of my Plain Book in the next three days. And the first bill I paid was John Plain."

COMPANY EXECUTIVES WOULD be kept traveling constantly if they accepted the invitations that pour in. John Plain, in turn, is pleased

when a dealer comes to Chicago and drops by for a visit. It has welcomed storekeepers from every state in the Union, and thinks nothing of introducing a visiting dealer from California's Mojave Desert to one from New Hampshire's White Mountains. Some come to look at John Plain merchandise, some to place orders personally, some just to get acquainted.

They are sure to feel at home in the comfortable, easygoing atmosphere of John Plain. Although its six-acre establishment is located in the heart of Chicago, the organization somehow has managed to acquire the atmosphere of a super-sized country store.

In the order department, there are no conveyors, no pneumatic chutes, no signs of frenzied mechanization. In the accounting offices, there is no clatter of machines. Company accounts are still kept in handwritten ledgers.

During the war, many GIs, sons of John Plain storekeepers, dropped by to say hello. One breathless young man rushed in and announced he was being married at noon. Could he charge a ring to his father's account? John Plain called the father, a storekeeper in Idaho.

"How expensive a ring does he want?" the father asked.

"About \$50," the company official replied.

"Better make it \$200," the Idahoan said, adding wistfully: "Wish I could be there."

John Plain has an amazingly successful method for predicting sales of any of the thousands of items in the Book. Basically, it is a simple matter of continuous sales analysis, but what makes it work is John Plain's

accurate knowledge of what small-town customers want.

To Plain buyers, the formula is gospel. Recently, it told them to buy 308 coffee makers for sales during a specific period. Sales were 307. It calculated a demand for 5,069 dolls of a certain type; orders came in for 5,061.

"We'd probably miss by a mile in a big-city market," Lachman admits. "But in John Plain America, we *know* what they'll buy."

When Plain decided to handle furs, V. E. Hurst, operations manager, who was then acting as buyer, had to beg leading fur manufacturers to listen to him.

"You can't sell furs by mail in small towns," the manufacturers said gloomily. "Count us out."

At the end of the year, sales were poor indeed. One manufacturer smiled and said, "I told you so." But Lachman and Hurst weren't discouraged.

"Just wait," they said.

Surveys showed that a greater selection of better furs was needed, and that furs should be offered for sale in July, not November. A few years later, Lachman and Hurst were laughing last. They were selling more than \$250,000 worth of furs a season.

Recently a farmer walked into a

Kansas store, laid down a check for \$4,000. "Get me the best coat you can," he said. "Birthday present for my wife. Been wanting a mink coat all her life."

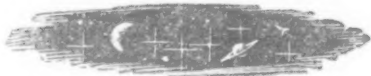
The speechless storekeeper found nothing of that price in the Plain Book, so he wired Chicago. A resident New York buyer for Plain selected a magnificent fur. Three days later, the thrilled farm wife was at the crossroads store, trying on her mink.

In some remote villages, selling presents a peculiar problem that dramatizes the unique nature of Plain's small-town venture. When a big order comes in, say, from J. P. Strong of Ocate, New Mexico, or Marlowe Ewy of Jordan, Montana, there is always a conference.

Suppose it is an \$800 order from Marlowe Ewy. The puzzler is, how to send it—parcel post or Railway Express? If it goes express, Plain can insure the full value, while Uncle Sam will only insure parcel-post packages up to \$200.

Feeling the way they do about country storekeepers, Plain will probably decide to send it by mail anyway, figuring it is better to take the gamble than to inconvenience Ewy. For Marlowe Ewy's store and post office are 100 miles from the nearest Railway Express office.

Celestial Whistlestops



Sunlight, W. Va.
Daylight, Tenn.

Thunderbolt, Ga.
Hurricane, Utah

Cyclone, Mo.
Moon, S. D.

—BARBARA BREHM



What Makes You Tired?

by AMY SELWYN

Science has made some startling discoveries about the real causes of fatigue

IN CANADA SOME YEARS AGO, 150 men took part in a strange and terrible experiment. For three days and two nights—56 hours in all—they hiked over mountain roads, through swamps and woods.

Along the route they did strenuous exercises, dug trenches, engaged in rugged battle drill; they covered an exhausting obstacle course three times; once they were loaded into trucks and bounced over miles of rocky terrain. During the entire time, they were allowed only four and a half hours of sleep.

At regular intervals during the torturous days and nights, 100 of the men were given pills containing benzedrine; the other 50 received pills that looked the same but were made of a harmless chemical. The first 100 men should have experienced an exhilarating return of

strength with each pill, while the other 50 should have grown increasingly exhausted. Instead, at the end of the 56 hours, all 150 were dropping with fatigue.

A similar experiment at a U. S. Army post, but using vitamins instead of benzedrine, produced the same result. In fact, nothing had been learned about fatigue that was not already known—and that was little indeed. However, other persistent researches followed until, today, doctors and physiologists have discovered how fatigue can be prevented and the most common types overcome.

Fatigue means different things in different people. It may make one man feel so old and weary that he would almost rather be dead; it may help to save another's life. It may be the first and for a while

the *only* symptom of serious illness. Many victims of heart disease, high blood pressure, tuberculosis and glandular disturbances receive prompt medical treatment because extreme, unexplained fatigue prompts them to visit a doctor.

Normally, fatigue is nature's way of warning you that your muscles and tissues have reached their limit of endurance. They need a new oxygen supply, and they must get rid of the chemical poisons which flood the blood after hard muscular exertion. If you give them immediate relaxation, you can usually restore them to normal function in a short time.

But what if you feel tired all the time, whether you exercise or sit still? What if you are as tired in the morning as you were the night before? Then take note of a study carried out by Dr. Frank N. Allan of the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

Dr. Allan questioned 300 men and women who had come to the clinic because they were chronically tired. Some attributed their trouble to vitamin deficiency, others to flat feet, others to low blood pressure. But Allan discovered that the most common physiological causes actually were heart disease, diabetes, kidney infection and non-tuberculous pulmonary infection. What was even more amazing, the doctor found that 239 of the 300 had nothing organically wrong with them.

What, then, *was* undermining their strength? Allan explored further and found his answer: nervousness and anxiety.

Recently, other medical authorities have been accumulating proof that emotional, or psychogenic, fac-

tors play a significant role in producing chronic fatigue. Dr. Harley C. Shands of Massachusetts General Hospital found that one patient, who had been having trouble with his wife, always felt terribly tired as soon as he walked into his home. Another man felt fatigued whenever he entered his office, where he had been squabbling with his partners. Neither patient had ever suspected there might be a connection between his symptoms and his upset emotions.

But not all fatigue has such a deep or subtle basis. It is generally believed that when an office or factory worker feels exhausted, it is because he has worked long hours or done strenuous work. Actually, it is his *attitude* toward his job which is most likely to determine how fatigued he feels.

A few years ago, a large electric company conducted a survey to find out how the output of a group of girls doing assembly work was affected by the length of their working day, rest periods, lunchroom facilities, temperature and lighting. For a year the company kept introducing changes in working conditions, some good and some bad, and measuring their effect on the girls' efficiency.

The surprising discovery was made that output increased with each change, even when it was a change for the worse. Finally conditions were returned to much the same as they had been before the experiment started—and the girls worked still faster and more efficiently. Apparently they felt consistently less tired in the test situation because they realized their employers were trying to improve

their working conditions, and because they themselves were interested in the experiment.

Your outlook on life itself may tire you. People who cannot make up their minds are often victims of chronic fatigue. Loneliness, too, may make you tired.

Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, professor of management at Purdue University, studied women in the rest room of a dress factory. Some of them were limp with fatigue; some bright-eyed and wide-awake. Yet all the women had been working the same number of hours.

Dr. Gilbreth found that most of the wide-awake ones had plans for the evening—a party or a date—and were anticipating a good time. The tired ones were those who had nothing to look forward to.

NOW THAT DOCTORS know that fatigue makes so many people miserable, what are they doing about it? Drs. Edward Weiss and O. Spurgeon English of Temple University find that if they get a tired person to discuss personal problems, they can often help him overcome fatigue.

They recall a 24-year-old man who had been suffering from fatigue for two years. When doctor and patient talked, it turned out

that around the time his fatigue began he had married and moved from his mother's home. Since then, she had made things unpleasant, constantly reminding him how ungrateful he was for everything she had done. Gradually, as the doctor explained that he had no reason to feel guilty, his fatigue began to disappear.

Two Chicago doctors, Franz Alexander and Sidney A. Portis, report that they have succeeded in banishing extreme fatigue by making vital changes in the victims' diets. Many fatigued persons, they found, are suffering from a drop in the body's blood-sugar level, often a direct result of emotional conflicts. By prescribing a diet rich in carbohydrates for such people, the doctors have often succeeded in offsetting the deficiency.

The only way to cure fatigue is to find the factors responsible for it. So if you suffer from chronic fatigue, first learn what or who lies behind it. Possibly the roots may be so deep that you will need a doctor's help to find them. Perhaps your only trouble is that you worry too much, or hurry too much, or are troubled by groundless fears. Once you discover what is making you tired, you may find that you are just not tired any more.



Hint for Housewives

Green paint may be removed from the seat of a pair of white duck tennis trousers with a bottle of ordinary turpentine, a stiff brush, and a pair of scissors.

—LEM LARKETT



A YOUNG LADY STEPPED into a drugstore and asked how to take a dose of castor oil without tasting it. The druggist said he'd look up some suggestions, but meanwhile would the young lady relish a refreshing lemonade? She would. When the beverage was entirely consumed he asked laughingly, "Well, did you taste it?"

"Good heavens!" gasped the girl. "Was the castor oil in that lemonade? I wanted it for my mother."

—PAUL STEINER

REPORTING A near-fatality, a Kansas newspaper started the story this way: "The woman was overcome by gas while taking a bath, but owes her life to the watchfulness of the janitor." —HY GARDNER

MOTHER AND daughter were very busy with the wedding plans when the bridegroom-to-be called. He watched the preparations rather impatiently until his future wife noticed his look of annoyance.

"Darling, we have such a lot to do," she soothed, "and if we want

to make our wedding a big success we mustn't forget even the most insignificant detail."

"Oh, don't worry about that," murmured the young man. "I'll be there all right." —GRI

IN MANY SMALL garages, the service men identify cars by the names of their owners. When repairs or special services are needed, this practice leads to some interesting notes in the daybook of orders. To wit:

"Mrs. Ellis won't start."

"Give Miss Jackson some alcohol. Two quarts ought to hold her."

"Something wrong with old man Pitt's wiring."

"Mrs. Wyndham's fenders bumped. Not responsible."

"Wash Miss Jenkins." —FORD TIMES

THEY MET IN THE smoker of an Eastbound limited. They were both salesmen, one a youngster returning from his first trip and the other a real old-time drummer.

"Well, how did it go?" asked the veteran salesman.

"Rotten!" replied the beginner with feeling. "I was insulted everywhere I called."

"That's funny," the old-timer mused. "I've been on the road for 40 years. I've had my samples thrown into the street, and me after them; I've had dogs sicked on me; I don't deny that I've even been taken by the scruff of the neck and pitched down a flight of stairs—but insulted, never!" —CURTIS PRIEMEL

MY COUSIN NEVER thinks of herself as old, though she is almost 65. She is interested in clothes and civic affairs and keeps pretty well

up-to-date on things. But she got a shock the other day!

Pausing to look in the window of an antique shop, she found herself gazing at a long, narrow photograph framed in brass curlicues.

"That looks like a frame I used to have," she said, glancing more closely at the line of girls with Florodora pompadours, high-boned collars and frilly jabots. "In fact, it looks like my graduation picture!"

Dreadful certainty came as she recognized herself and her best friend in the center of the picture.

"In an antique shop, of all places!" she exclaimed.

There was just one thing to do. She hurried into the shop and bought the picture. —*NEW YORK SUN*

SHE WAS INTERESTED in a stove. In fact, she wanted to buy a stove, and so informed the salesman. Then she listened meekly and patiently to the sales patter about the noncorroding bolts, patented insulation, tricky controls, oversize combustion chambers and all the other things so startlingly new in the old lady's world that it seemed she could not fail to be mightily impressed.

"Well, madam, I've told you everything about the stove," he finished. "Now, is there anything else you would like to know?"

"Yes," she said. "Will it keep an old lady warm?" —*Capper's Weekly*

LORNE GREENE, Canada's favorite newscaster, tells about the time he was vacationing near a small Great Lakes town during their centennial celebration. Standing beside the town band as it galloped manfully through the opening number on the program, he was impressed

by the trombonist, whose professional nonchalance was in sharp contrast to the rest of the stage-frightened group.

When the number was concluded—none too successfully but at least together—and the others sank back with grim relief, the trombonist leaned toward his neighbor and whispered eagerly, "What do we play next?"

"William Tell Overture," was the hoarse reply.

A look of startled surprise came over the trombonist's face. "Good grief!" he exclaimed unhappily. "I just played that!" —*W. I. KORNER*

WHEN A FACTORY superintendent returned home at the end of the day, his wife noticed that he acted rather fidgety. "What happened?" she asked.

"I got quite a shock this morning," he explained. "You know I overslept, and got to the office 40 minutes late. And when I arrived—the plant was running!" —*TONI YODER*

IF YOU CAN'T FIND it in the dictionary, the atlas or the encyclopedia, don't be discouraged. Ask for it at the drugstore.

—*LEWIS AND FAYE COPELAND*

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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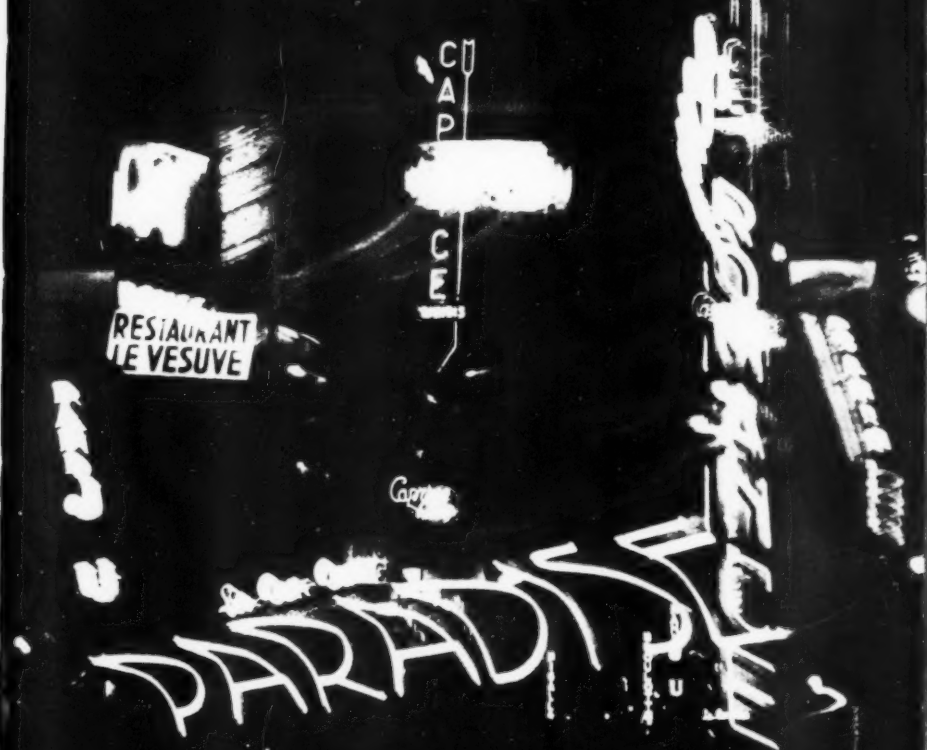
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MISTRESS PARIS



Photographs by Roger Caster and Earl Leaf

AMONG ALL THE CITIES of the world, Paris alone is spoken of not as an inanimate thing, but as a human being—a woman. She has

a woman's charm and moods. Now witch, now *grande dame*, she becomes to pleasure seekers, wooing her by night, an unabashed *cocotte*.



BAL
TABARIN

BAL
TABARIN

In the heart of Montmartre, where Paris does its best to live up to a naughty reputation, the lights of the Bal Tabarin, famed 60-year-old theater-restaurant, still lure the mothlike tourist.



Josephine Baker, a native daughter of Missouri, set prewar Europe afire with torchy songs. Now, after the Nazi interlude, she is smoldering again at her old stand, the Folies-Bergère.



The revue at the Bal Tabarin gives its own abbreviated-costume version of U. S. history—with chorus girls playing Indian. Customers put up with this, although they prefer the can-can.



Terpsichorean fashions change, but that rowdy remnant of yesteryear, the can-can, which originated in Paris' underworld and whose name appropriately means "noise, racket, scandal," goes on forever.



At the Paradise Club, near the Place Pigalle, the show goes on—and on, for three solid hours. Native Parisians avoid this sort of thing, just as native New Yorkers avoid Grant's Tomb.



Dozing at the Champs-Élysées, oldsters dream of the great days of Paris' night life, when ballet was the rage and fabulous Cleo de Merode pirouetted her way into the heart of Belgium's king.



Pirouettes at the Paradise are less graceful than at the Champs-Élysées—but they satisfy. The cognac is strong, and after two or three it's hard to tell a pirouette from pommes de terre frites.



The girls prance in, the girls prance out, and, watching from your table, you wonder at the prodigality of this city, which after conquest and near-starvation still produces so many beautiful girls.



It was a humble street. Then Elliot Paul wrote a book about it which inspired the song, *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Now famous, it boasts a night club that wasn't there when Mr. Paul last saw Paris.



At places like the Monseigneur, the appeal is more to sentiment than to sex. Fully clothed singers and heartbreaking gypsy music bring tears rather than gleams to the customers' eyes.



Dinner at Maxim's costs anywhere from \$50 to \$100. But if you are M. Murzeau (*left*), a popular playwright, or Mlle. Ronsard, star of the Comédie-Française, or movie hero Jean Marais, you don't mind.



Jim Crowism is unknown in Paris: some cabarets cater especially to Negro and white. Any customer able to hear thunder and see lightning is welcome, so long as he is able to pay the check.



The Tour d'Argent occupies the top floor of a building overlooking the Seine. While dining on culinary masterpieces, one gazes out the window at another masterpiece, the Cathedral of Notre Dame.



Soft music, wine, a congenial companion—all in Paris! How many restless men and women, exiled in remote corners of the world, have dreamt themselves into this beguiling picture!



And then there is the Tabou, a different kind of night club. Here intellectuals undo the world, while swapping blasé Existentialist remarks like: "Why kill time? Just kill yourself. It's simpler."



When Tabou conversation grows too heated, you take your girl out to the sidewalk for a smoke, an entr'acte of quiet. The night air of Paris is a stimulating antidote for the fevers of philosophy.



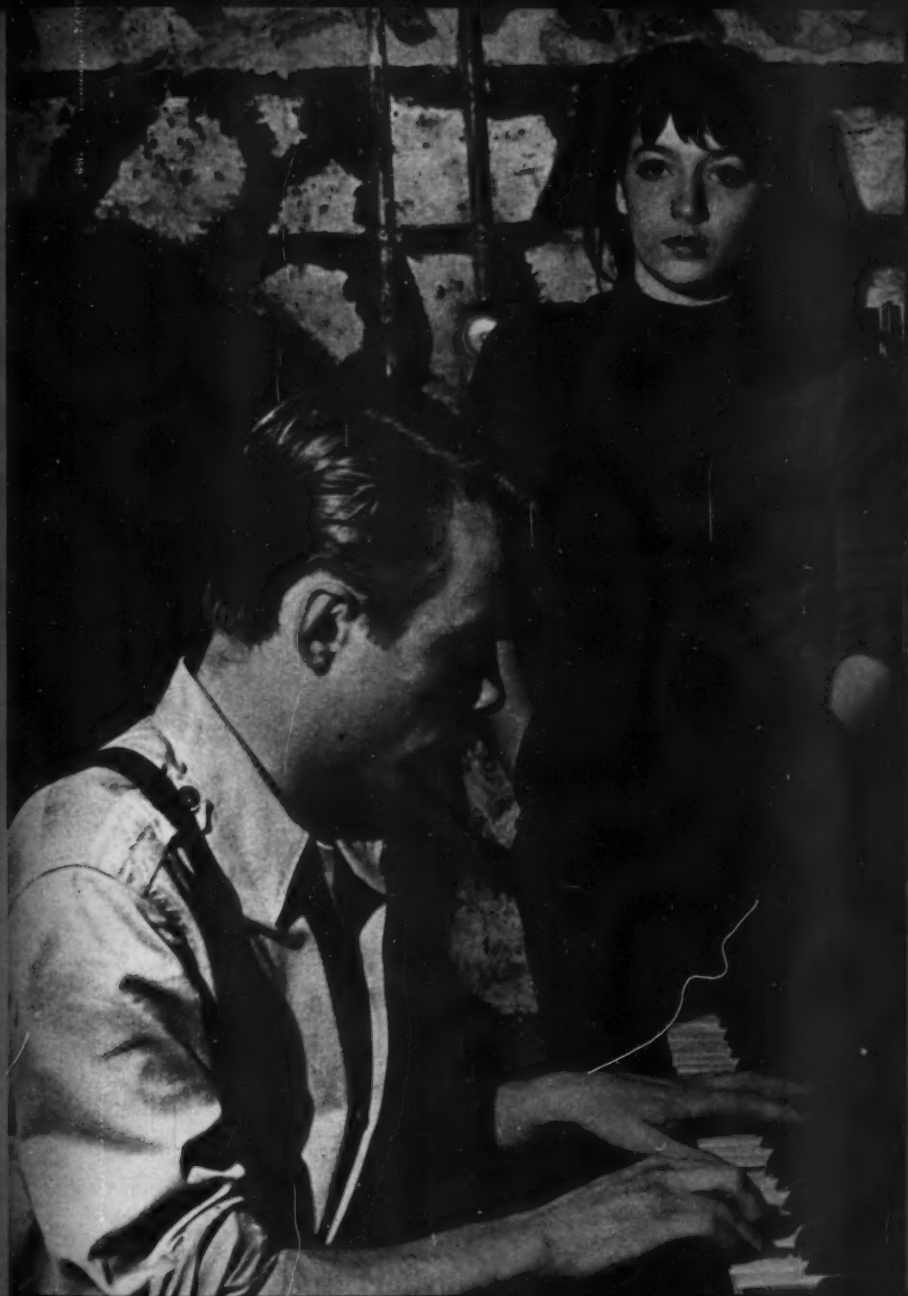
Other girls in other places may look like this, but when they do, they enter beauty contests. In Paris they are everywhere—in corners, on park benches, riding bicycles in the street.



This young couple is dancing at the Tabou. Therefore the girl's long-haired partner has probably cracked not just a simple joke, but an epigram about art, Freud, Marxism or the end of the world.



Now the spirit moves and one of the Tabou debaters rises to his feet to give the whole room the benefit of his opinions. The others listen nervously, already formulating their rebuttals.




Juliette Gréco, one of the current toasts of Paris, has the face of a fallen angel. She sings sad stories set to sadder music, while her black eyes mirror the desperate plight of modern Europe.



Roistering GIs, on leave and on the prowl, used to find their way into night clubs featuring the uniquely Parisian entertainment which Mlle. Gréco specializes in. After waiting for a floor show



... that never materialized, some would leave. Others gave in reluctantly to the spell of a lamenting voice, the forlorn tinkle of a piano—and their dreams are still haunted by the memory.



It is late. From a night of talk or dancing, you and your girl are homeward bound. Your steps echo hollowly in the deserted street. The light of the corner lamps is paling, and the mansard roofs and



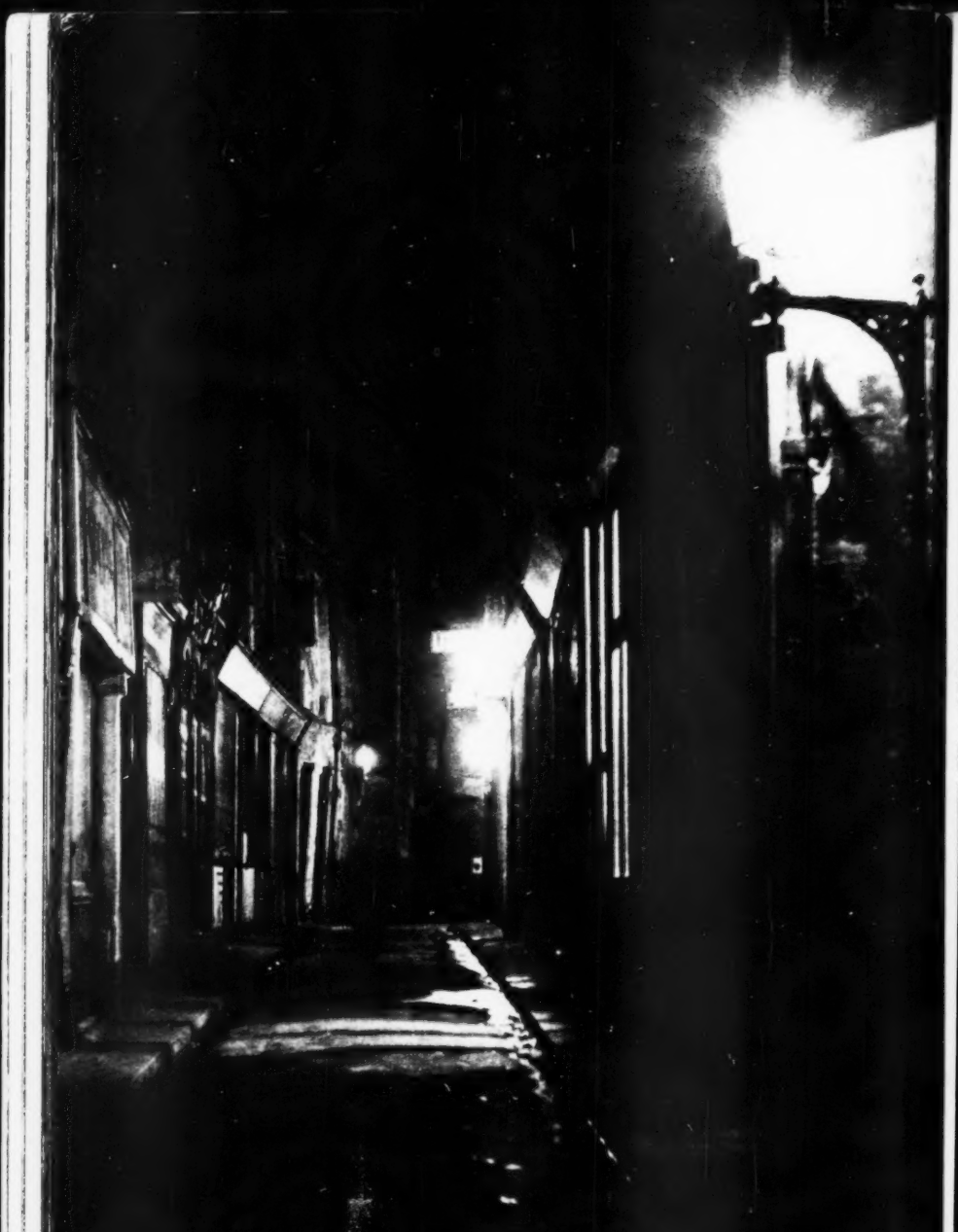
chimney pots are just beginning to silhouette themselves against the luminous Parisian sky. All around you, the loveliest city in the world—the Queen of Cities—lies asleep.



Perhaps you pause for a few minutes at an all-night sidewalk café for a cup of bitter coffee, a final *finis*, a last exchange of confidences. Parting always is sweet sorrow, even in Paris.



Or on the way you may look in at one of the mushrooming Bars Americans, where the pianist, picking out a snatch of be-bop, nods drowsily and a sign reads: "English spoken. American understood."



Moving on at last, you pass by tortuous streets which are centuries away from New York and also, thanks to TWA, Pan American and Air-France, a mere 15 hours away.



To travel home by subway, you should quit the party at midnight, for the Metro closes down soon afterward. Taxis are scarce. Belated Cinderellas either bicycle or go wearily afoot.



Pondering and ponderous, this astrologer is an important adjunct to the Parisian scene. Few ladies of fashion would think of making a move without first consulting their horoscopes.



Another ubiquitous Paris character is the *concierge*, whose curiosity is her career. Seated beside her doorway, she checks up on the moves of the ladies of fashion—as well as on everybody else's.

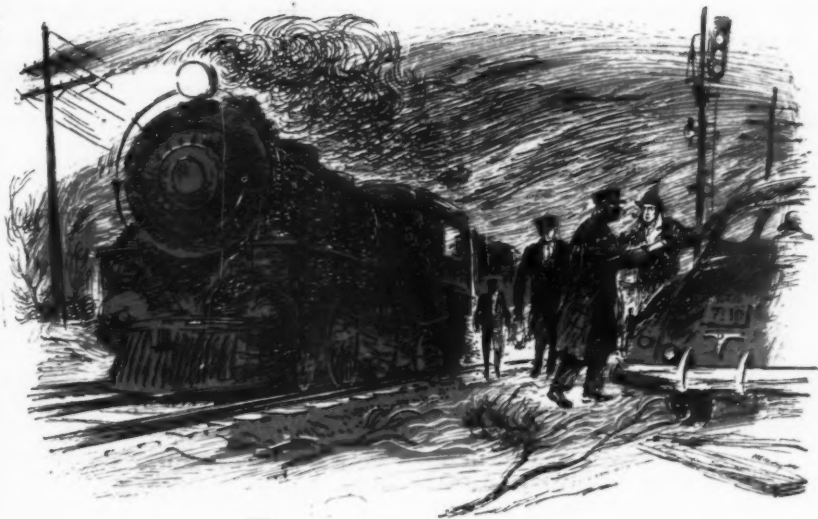
LE CLUB
LEUR de BAGDAD
PINOCCHIO
WALT DISNEY
 EDUARD FENILLORE - PIERRE BORDAS MILLE
DUCHESSE DE LANGEAIS
CAMÉO
LA FOLLE ALOUETTE
 (KEY LIME)
 Claudette COLBERT - RAY WILLARD
BROADWAY
JIMPHREY BOGART
FAUCON MALTAIS
 (The Maltese Falcon)
ARTISTIC
PRINTEMPS DE LA VIE
 PIERRE LAMÉ - RAYMOND YOUNG
CLICHY-PALACE
BATAAN
 AYLOR - FLORENCE MITCHELL - LA MONTAGNE
PALAIS ROCHECHOUART
LADY HAMILTON



And finally there is the Little Man on the street, gazing wistfully at entertainment ads. Although he lives in Paris, its glamorous night life is more inaccessible to him than to you and me.







RAILROADS ARE HUMAN, TOO

by DAISY AMOURY

Don't lose your temper if your train is late: there's probably a good reason

EVERYBODY DAMNS the railroads. Since we pay to ride on them, we expect perfection — are even rude in demanding it. We want the best of service, and are snobbish when we fail to get it.

Always we are complaining. The cars are too hot in summer, too cold in winter. The train crews are discourteous, or the food in the diner is too expensive. To us, there is nothing human about this great, mechanistic public servant which we accept as a matter of course.

However, there is another side to the railroad business. For example, consider the case of the young col-

lege student who lay in a hospital bed in New York City. Frank wanted to go home for Christmas, but home was in Louisville, Kentucky, and he had a broken pelvis.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had promised to help him get there, but that was before a man from the Special Movement Bureau had come to see him. They hadn't known that the lad's body was immobilized from the chest down; nor that his legs were spread straight out—40 inches apart; nor that he was six-feet-three in height. Now, railroad passenger cars aren't wide enough to admit 40-inch stretchers into their

corridors. No window leading to drawing-room or compartment was wide enough to admit equipment of such dimensions. So the case looked hopeless—until the Passenger Representative had a bright idea. What about using one of the railroad's "business" cars, which had a great wide window with desks behind it?

When the regular train pulled out of Penn Station next morning, it had a "special" hooked on—an office-on-wheels which had become a hospital ward. And the only charge for this service was the normal Pullman fare.

In 1947, Texas had one of the worst blizzards in history. An Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe train was pulling into Dumas, Texas, when Conductor Crandall of Amarillo learned about two men stranded in a stalled car on the highway, one of them injured.

Crandall and Engineer Smith arranged a special signal: when Crandall spied the stalled car, he pulled the brake valve open. The train screeched to a stop. After the rescue, the brake valve was closed—and the train moved on. Long before the train reached Boise City, Oklahoma, that brake valve with its accompanying screech was opened many times.

Near Mallett, between Stratford and Boise City, 14 people were rescued. Two miles further along, another 11. All of them would have suffered terribly but for that slow-moving train.

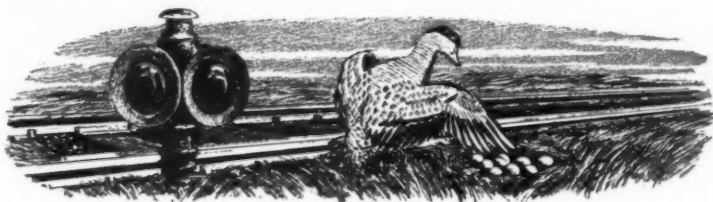
During 1948, more than 16,000 passenger trains and 20,000 freight trains started their runs each day in the U. S. To operate this gigantic business, which includes the Rail-

way Express Agency and the Pullman Company, 1,327,000 men and women are employed in jobs divided by the Interstate Commerce Commission into 128 categories, including such occupations as bricklayer and timekeeper; clerk and upholsterer; gang foreman and executive officer; lineman and typist. With their families, these workers comprise a group of nearly 6,000,000 persons directly connected with the railroads.

They are your neighbors. Some of them belong to your church; their children attend the same schools as yours. Nearly every town and city has a passenger station, and all kinds of humans call themselves "railroaders." But because they are railroaders, few people think of them as humans. Yet Bill Carlisle is human, so very human that he plagued the railroads for years—and the Union Pacific so frequently that in 1916 they posted a bond of \$1,500 for his capture.

Last of the swashbuckling train robbers, "Wild Bill's" particular prey was the Union Pacific. Yet, when he was pardoned after serving nearly 25 years of his "life" sentence, where did he go for a job? To the Union Pacific, where he is now a trusted employee.

And Johnny Merritt of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, is human. He has been selling tickets for the New York, New Haven & Hartford for more years than he likes to think about. Not long ago, Merritt walked onto the station platform just as a train was ready to pull out. He saw a man drop a \$10 bill as he ran for the train. Merritt grabbed the conductor, described the man and handed over the bill. Some



All for the Sake of Mother Duck

ONE MAY MORNING in 1940, two Montana railroad section hands were walking to work. As they approached Matador siding, one stopped short.

"Hey, Joe, look there!" he cried, pointing to an object in the grass near a switch. As they approached, the thing took wing. It was a Mallard hen, and behind her lay a nest with nine eggs.

"What a place to build a nest!" one workman exclaimed, looking up and down the Northern Railway's main line. If an engine should blow off steam, it would mean boiled duck—eggs and all.

Next day the division superintendent, Thomas F. Dixon, stopped at Matador. As soon as he

saw the nest, one of the most famous messages in railroad history sped over telegraph wires:

Wild duck has nest containing nine eggs ten feet east of west switch Matador. Please inform all enginemen not to blow down boiler, open overflow or cylinder cocks in this location. Trainmen should also be careful not to step in nest or otherwise disturb duck. Section crew now doing everything possible to protect her.

The order was obeyed, and in June, railroadmen saw Mother Mallard waddling down to the river with her ducklings following in Indian file.

—B. R. BILLINGSLEY

weeks later, the passenger came into the ticket office and offered Merritt the money as a reward. But Johnny refused it.

One morning two summers ago, a commuter on the Jersey Central stepped on the gas when he heard the train's whistle. The locomotive was rounding a bend into Raritan station, and he had to run for it. His car coughed and sputtered; it took a few seconds to start it again. Then the traffic light changed, using up more precious seconds. At last his car was parked and he

sprinted—but the 7:56 pulled out on schedule, leaving him on the platform, swearing eloquently.

That same night his son, Jack, got itching feet. The ten-year-old was independent; it didn't seem important when he missed dinner. But the night dragged on, and terror took hold of the father—a terror he had to hide from his wife.

One o'clock. Two. Three. Half-past . . . and the phone jangled; he snatched it. A reassuring voice came over the wire.

"This is the Railroad Terminal

Policeman in Washington, D.C. We've found your son Jack. We're putting him on the train in care of the conductor. Meet him at the station at 8:30. . . ."

TRAVELERS WAIT patiently for late planes and busses; automobile travelers are automatically pardoned for tardiness; but let a train be late, and passengers raise a chorus of protest.

When the crack "Missourian" was nearly an hour late starting, the travelers "damned" the road. But they did not know about the stretcher which had arrived on the platform from a hospital ambulance just eight minutes before train time. Again the stretcher was too wide for the corridors, and the train's air-conditioned windows were sealed.

"Two men worked furiously," reported F. H. Baird, the New York Central passenger traffic manager, "and it took nearly 45 minutes to remove and replace the 36 screws in one window. But that passenger had to board that train. Later, we made up most of the time. . . ."

Last year, two weeks after Jane passed her tenth birthday, she started from New York to join her mother in Reno — there for the customary reason. She had a compartment in a through car scheduled to be switched to another train at Chicago. Her father asked the railroad to "keep an eye" on the girl, and a "T.N." (railroad parlance for transportation notice) went out, requesting "all personnel to render whatever assistance necessary."

Nobody told Jane's father that while she was traveling in a "through" car and did not have to change at Chicago, her car did

change. While the switch was made, however, there was a four-hour lay-over in the passenger yards.

When the train pulled into Chicago, the porter took charge of the little girl. As the new crew boarded, he introduced her to the trainmen and conductors, who helped while away the waiting time.

When Jane's mother in Reno learned from the shining-eyed girl of the kindness of strangers during her wait, she decided Reno didn't seem such a good idea after all. Jane's father met them both in New York when they got back. . . .

Railroaders are *born*—not made. From the president down, the majority started at the bottom and worked up to become the big brass. Martin Clement, chairman of the board of the Pennsylvania, was once a rodman on a track engineering crew. Arthur E. Stoddard, president of the Union Pacific, began as a shop apprentice with the Frisco lines in Missouri. Gustav Metzner, president of the New York Central, started as a clerk in the freight department of the Baltimore & Ohio.

Laurence Whittemore began railroading in the car shops of the Boston & Maine. When a new president was to be appointed for the New Haven in 1948, he was selected because of his good record as a railroad public-relations man.

Nearly all brakemen call presidents by their first names, and the presidents like it. Nearly all railroaders feel themselves part of a close comradeship, and the company to them is not just a "right of way of wooden ties, steel rails and rolling stock."

Railroads never close down. While the world sleeps, thousands

of passenger, express, mail and freight trains speed on their way, running 24 hours a day, every day in the year. Visit any busy terminal and check the number of trains switching in and out. You will be impressed by the complex and intricate system, and by the incredible fact that so few mistakes are made.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved for organized charity, church groups, camp parties and such, through special rates granted by the railroads with approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission—that gimlet-eyed guardian of the rights of the traveling public.

Our entire economic life is based on the service and dependability of our railroads. Without them, the flow of essentials from farms and factories would come to a standstill. Yet, let the railroad make one slip—and the public howls.

But to people like Paul McDivitt, 17-year-old high school student of Pueblo, Colorado, whose iron lung had to be operated en route to the Colorado General Hospital; to the traveler in trouble; to the scared child, traveling alone; to the aged, sick and infirm—to these people

the railroad shows its human side.

There is a nursery in New York's Pennsylvania Station, where more than 50,000 youngsters have been handled in three years. Mothers, waiting for train connections, can bring their children there and know they are in safe and expert hands. Even the baby's formula will be served at the right temperature and at the right time.

Many trains have hostesses—Passenger Representatives, they are called—who will mind baby while mother has her meals in the diner. Several trains have nurseries built in, with special play equipment.

Next time you travel, take a look around. Notice the railroad personnel and then look at your fellow passengers. There's not much difference between the two groups—except the uniform.

America's rail systems are the greatest in the world. But they are still not perfect. So the next time you feel like damning the railroads for old cars, poor lighting or lack of air conditioning, remember that they, like other businesses, make their share of mistakes. In fact, they would hardly be human if they didn't.

Unprofitable Enterprise



HERBERT HOOVER has a little story to demonstrate the fallacy that a nation may cut itself off from the rest of the world and live by trading and trafficking only with itself.

A young man, he said, was spading up his garden, when he

began to discover an assortment of coins in the dirt—nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars.

"My goodness," he exclaimed, "I've discovered a buried treasure!"

Then, feeling a cold streak run down his leg, he straightened up and discovered that he had a hole in his pocket! —*Wall Street Journal*

Are You a Detective?

by LARRY ROBERTS



No. 3 in a series

TURN BACK THE PAGES of crime. Ride with Police Captain Harry J. Benz on Sunday, July 24, 1938, to where X marks the spot in Barrister, Iowa. The facts in this story are based on a composite case from local police records. Names and places are fictitious. The official sleuth cracked it. Can you?

Leave the squad car with the doorman at 2323 Clark Avenue and ride up to the apartment of Carl and Naomi Dykstra—No. 14A.

The man who opens the door explains: "I'm John Macdonald. I just got here. I persuaded Carl to lie down in his room for a few minutes. . . . Yes, I was here last night, too. We were making up one of our usual threesomes, having a few drinks. Naomi called it a night at 1 o'clock and turned in. A little later, Carl drove me to my club."

"You were not alone with Mrs. Dykstra at any point?" Benz asks.

"Well, yes,—for a minute. After Carl and I went downstairs, I realized I had forgotten my cigarette lighter so I went up to get it."

It is 11:38 A.M.—only 11 minutes after Carl Dykstra phoned headquarters he had discovered his wife's body—as you enter Naomi Dykstra's bedroom. The coroner has set the time of death at about 2 A.M.

View the attractive young matron's body, face relaxed as in sleep, throat cut from ear to ear. See the bloodstained death weapon on the silk puff—a hollow-ground steel paring knife with a green plastic handle. Note the bloodstain on the light-switch plate on the wall.

Hear the fingerprint expert report he has lifted Carl Dykstra's prints from the knife—that there



would have been a smeared fingerprint on the switch if the slayer hadn't worn gloves or covered his hand with a handkerchief.

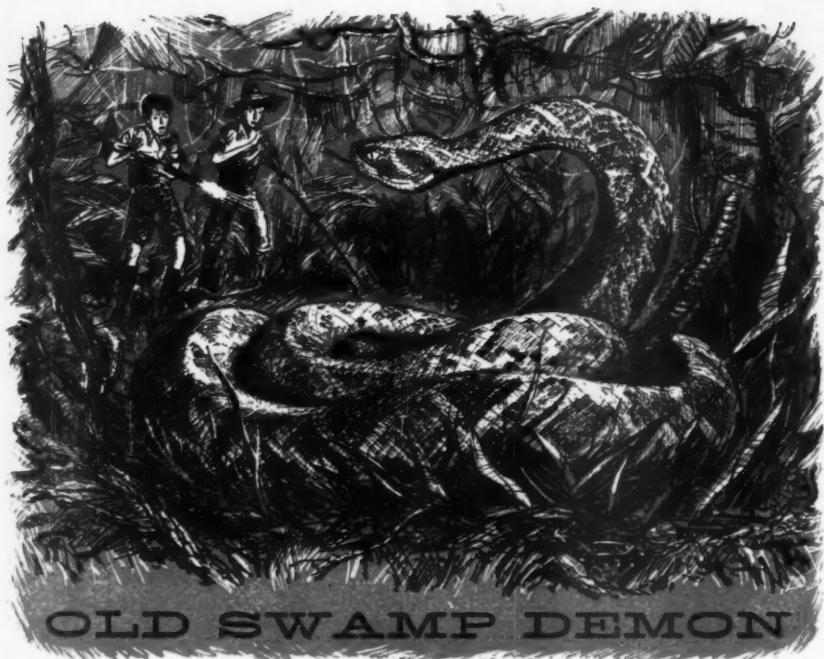
See Carl Dykstra flinch. "I sliced a lemon with that knife last night while mixing drinks," he protests. "I left it in the kitchen sink."

The following questions provide a guide to ratiocination in the case. To rate as an amateur sleuth, come up with the correct solution before you reach question No. 8.

1. Would a burglar have had to look in his victim's kitchen for a knife?
2. Then a robbery motive is immediately eliminated because no burglar would have armed himself with the lethal weapon to use if interrupted?
3. Yet the slayer did pick up the paring knife in the kitchen?

4. With either John Macdonald or Carl Dykstra the probable slayer, then, a crime of passion seems indicated?
5. Did the slayer leave fingerprints on the light-switch plate?
6. Because he was fingerprint-conscious, obviously?
7. Were Carl Dykstra's the only prints on the knife?
8. Would not the fingerprint-conscious slayer wipe his own prints from the weapon?
9. Then one can only conclude Dykstra was not the slayer, since he did not wipe his prints from the death weapon?
10. Might one deduce that the fingerprint-conscious slayer left Carl Dykstra's prints on the knife intentionally?
11. All our logic, then, leads us inevitably to accuse John Macdonald?

(Answers are on page 121)



by JAMES WALLACE, JR.

Here is the nostalgic story of two boys and "the biggest rattlesnake in the world"

MOST OF THE YOUTHS around the neighborhood where my grandfather lived had two goals in life: one was to reach the age of 21 as quickly as possible; the other was to capture the Old Swamp Demon.

All eventually attained their first goal; then got married and forgot their second goal in the fierce struggle to raise a family. But they kept alive the romantic legends for other small-fry giant killers.

Joe Cline and I were big-eyed believers of the legends about the Old Swamp Demon—that the rattlesnake was as big as a stovepipe and as long as a fence rail. Fence rails on these South Carolina farms

bordering Big Santee Swamp measured about 12 feet.

Thus, allowing for normal exaggeration, Joe and I figured the old Demon was a whale of a snake. Each school vacation, we had faithfully attempted to enter the swamp; but timidity always overcame us when we had ventured a few hundred feet into its subterranean darkness. Finally, at 14, we plunged on with a valiant fortitude that probably has few parallels for sheer vanity triumphing over cowardice.

An August sun had just lifted the dew from Grandfather's cow pasture when Joe and I lit out for the estuary where our flat-bottomed

boat was hidden. For days we had labored to cover the boat's bottom and sides with tin—our idea for protection against alligators.

Other supplies consisted of a lunch, a coil of rope, an old corn knife and a shotgun. We wore rubber boots for protection against snakes when walking and snapping turtles when and if it became necessary to wade.

The pint-size explorers are pathetic in retrospect. Neither of us would have weighed 100 pounds soaking wet. Both were freckled and Irish and bareheaded. We embarked under the stinging certainty of an even more stinging whipping should our elders find out about the escapade.

The water of the estuary was black, leaf-covered, sluggish with floating debris, and four or five feet deep. Its channel twisted through a forest of giant cypress trees that were old when Columbus landed in America. Their gigantic trunks, often ten feet in diameter, stood on huge, splayed-out roots 10 or 15 feet above the water.

Lower vegetation growing near the estuary leaned over and held hands with fellow trees on the opposite shore. This gave support to great clinging masses of Spanish moss which, in turn, provided ideal launching pedestals for cottonmouth moccasins. I occupied myself watching for this lurking danger while Joe steered the boat past trees and, we hoped, dozing alligators.

Suddenly there was a loud bellow and a wild threshing on a high bluff to the right. Twenty feet in the air I noticed the waving weeds, and shouted for Joe to "Watch out!"

The words were hardly out be-

fore the gray belly and waving legs of a big alligator were diving clumsily toward the water. He flopped a mere dozen feet ahead of the boat, his slashing tail whipping the water into a boiling spray.

"Gee whiz!" Joe exclaimed, "that 'gator almost fell in our laps! Were you scared very bad?"

"It was all over before I had time to get scared," I said, trying to sound casual. "It would have been easy to shoot him as he climbed up the bank."

"Then why didn't you let him have it?" Joe said.

"I was too busy paddling. Besides, I've never fired a shotgun!"

"Well, you never had a better chance to learn," Joe replied.

"Maybe I would have took a shot at him," I said gently, "if you hadn't had the gun."

"Oh," said Joe and changed the subject. "Say, ain't we come about far enough to begin looking for the Old Demon? We won't find him here in the water. Rattlesnakes live on dry land. What d'ya say we tie up and look around?"

"Okay, Joe! We'll eat lunch and begin looking."

WE SAT ON THE SHORE under the huge cypress trees, eating our lunch. Every now and then we could hear the grunt of wild hogs on near-by islands; and once, the distant bellow of a bull alligator. The effect of these sounds on two frightened boys can be more easily imagined than described.

I was a city-bred youngster, spending a school vacation in the backwoods; Joe was the tradition-bound native stuffed on legends. Yet essentially we were two scared

youngsters, almost wholly lacking in courage, and lost, for the present, in an emerald jungle where anything could happen.

"Do you reckon the Old Demon has ever been on this hogback?" Joe asked timidly.

"Maybe he's here right now," I replied.

Joe's eyes, wide with surprise and fear, followed my gaze to a series of small grass clusters about 50 yards away. I kept my eyes focused on the spot trying to figure out the sequence of movements which had first attracted my attention.

Joe grabbed the shotgun and stood up. "Snakes lay their eggs in the sand, don't they? Maybe he's covering up his eggs."

"His eggs?" I repeated. "Males don't lay eggs, silly!"

"Oh, you know what I mean," Joe answered. "What's the difference whether Old Demon's a he or a she? It's still the biggest rattlesnake in the country. Do you want to take the gun?"

"No. Keep still, Joe. If it's a rattler, he'll coil when he hears us. I want to see him stretched out, crawling. Come on. And don't get behind me with that gun. Please walk easy. You act like—"

The words stuck in my throat; my pulse pounded like a hammer against my temple. Directly before us, crawling slowly, shimmered the yellow-green coat of the biggest diamondback rattler I had ever seen. Thick as my leg, he really seemed as long as the fence rails various people had compared him to.

"Gee! Gosh!" Joe exclaimed, peeping around me.

"Darn!" I retorted. "He heard you and coiled! Why didn't you

keep your big mouth shut? You act like you never seen a snake before."

"Gee, I'm sorry," Joe whispered. "But—but ain't you scared, just a—little?"

"Of course not. I'm not fool enough to go up and push my finger in his mouth. I'll get a stick with a fork and we'll capture him alive. Boy, oh, boy! Wait'll we get that baby hog-tied!"

"Here, you hold the gun and let me get a forked stick," Joe pleaded.

I whirled and faced him. "No! You hold the gun! And don't get scared and shoot, either! Just watch the snake—see?"

It was too far back to the boat for the corn knife, so I uprooted a dead sapling and trimmed it with my hands by breaking off the limbs. Then I grabbed it in the middle and, with Joe carrying the shotgun, began walking toward the coiled rattlesnake.

I stood balancing the sapling on my shoulder, staring at that magnificent specimen of sudden death. Huge and vicious, the big head weaved menacingly as his cat-like eyes followed every motion of the pole. The forked black tongue jutted angrily from the venom-dripping mouth. You could see the tensing of powerful muscles under the glossy skin. But that big weaving head—those cold black eyes—the contemptuous smirk of his gray lips—that spine-chilling death song of his vibrating tail—those memories shall live forever.

I tipped the pole and aimed the forked end toward the quivering neck. "You'd better pin him the first jab!" Joe warned.

"And don't you get scared and shoot if I miss him," I yelled over

my shoulder. "He'll coil again. Sooner or later I'll—"

The pole's roots, poised high behind me, were too heavy, and I jabbed prematurely. The rattler's head cracked against the pole two or three times, squirting death with each strike, before I could raise and re-aim the fork. Again I jabbed wildly. This time I straddled his huge neck and pushed down. The mighty body writhed and lashed.

"Hold him!" Joe yelled, "till I get the rope."

"No! Stay here, Joe! I don't think I can hold him down with the forks! He's too strong! I'm going to change ends and try to hold him down with the roots!"

With every bit of strength in my aching arms, I switched ends with the pole and plunged down hard against the lashing reptile. But he tossed the roots off easily. I plunged again before he could recoil, only to find myself whirled off balance. I could feel the impact of the snake's fang-thrusts against the pole.

My arms weighed a ton each, or so it seemed. But again I jabbed the roots against the convulsing body. Then I threw the pole down and yelled: "All right, Joe! Go

ahead and shoot! I'm worn out!"

At the roar of the gun, a great red splotch puffed out on the writhing body. We stood enchanted and watched the rapid thrusts of the snake as he bit at the misery that almost cut his body in two. His strikes continued, each slower than the preceding one, until the swamp giant had no more strength left. In five minutes the great body ceased to twitch, and we stretched him out for measuring.

He was eight feet, four inches long; and in girth larger than we could span. Bundled up and hefted, we estimated his weight at 40 pounds. Even allowing for boyish exaggeration, I believe our guess was conservative. At all events, in the solemn words of a pal from yesterday:

"This might not be the Old Demon. Maybe he's not even the biggest rattlesnake in the world. But I'll bet this set of rattles, against the whipping my Pop and your grandfather's going to give us, that we don't hear any more bragging 'bout big snakes. We've killed the biggest one, huh?"

Tired as I was, I managed to nod in agreement.

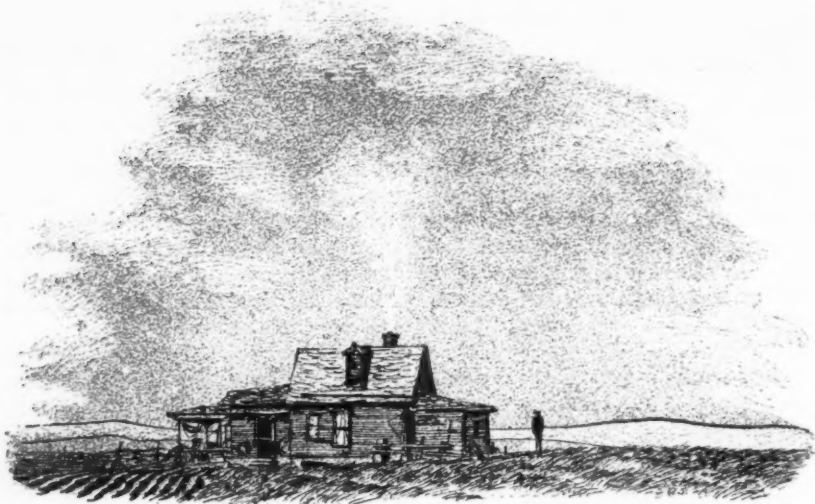
Too Good a Judge

WHEN FULTON OURSLER interviewed Winston Churchill, the then Prime Minister graciously volunteered to show his paintings. Oursler regarded the roomful of canvases with a judicial eye, and

finally announced, "This landscape over the door is far and away the best of the lot."

"Blast it," blurted Churchill. "That's the one picture in the room I *didn't* paint!"

—BENNETT CERF (*Saturday Review of Literature*)



No Time for Loneliness

by CLARENCE LIEB

At 80, Cousin Albert was too busy "doing his work" and keeping up with the world

SOME YEARS AGO, my wife and I were driving along the Eastern coast on a vacation tour when we came to a crossroads sign reading "Busby's Corners, 6 Mi." and "Hatfield, 17 Mi."

The latter name stirred vague memories; and it was then that I thought of Cousin Albert, not my own cousin but that of an elderly woman patient who had made me promise that, if I were ever near Hatfield, I would drop in on this lonely old man. All I knew about him was that he was 80 years old and lived all by himself in "the lonest spot on God's green earth."

It was 6 o'clock when we reached Albert's, and he was doing the dish-

es. There was no lack of cordiality in his greeting, once he made sure I was not selling patent medicines.

"I was doing my work," he said after he had seated us with a fine courtesy beside his white oilcloth-covered table. "I have no woman."

With that simple comment the old man turned again to the sink, gave a few deft turns to the empty dishpan, dried it, and placed it unhurriedly in its proper place.

My garrulous patient had told me about that sink, the window over it, and its view of the family burying ground. And as we had bumped along that last "good piece" from Busby's Corners to this dead end, I had had a sudden pic-

ture of the broken, lonely old man doing his dishes in front of that kitchen window, lifting his bowed head to gaze on that fenced-in, side-hill plot which had been waiting all these years to receive him.

The pleasant-voiced gentleman who now turned toward us was far from the bowed old man of that imagined picture. Old he was and slightly bald, but tall, straight, almost soldierly. His dignity did not desert him as he smoothed out with housewifely care the white lace antimacassar on the big armchair, turned off the radio with a faint suggestion of regret, and asked pleasantly about his cousin. Obviously, our visit pleased him, but we did not especially impress him.

As Albert talked on in his unflurried way about his six cows and sixty hens, his acre of potatoes, his half-acre of corn and half-acre of minor vegetables; as he told how he made the butter and smoked the bacon and sent his extra vegetables to the canning factory at Longport and got them put up against the winter need; as he stroked the gray and white cat with his long, thin, gentle hands, the man's inner spirit began to translate itself into a rec-

ognizable something which, in less lonely surroundings, I would have called contentment. In fact, it was contentment.

"You folks haven't said much," he remarked with a little laugh, "but I can tell you are doing a terrible lot of thinking. You seemed surprised to find me so cheerful-like. Well, there was a time when things were pretty dull. We had to get along for weeks without hearing from the outside world. But Mr. Alexander Bell—I saw him once at Longport, and a fine figure of a man he was!—put a stop to that kind of thing. Then came the R.F.D. And before we knew it, it was easy to keep a pretty good line on Boston and Europe and places like that.

"Now, of course, we have the radio. Tonight we'll hear that big fight from New York—and tomorrow, we'll have our President talking to us from Washington. We don't have time to be lonely with things like that happening.

"But, of course," continued Albert philosophically, "loneliness isn't a local affair anyhow. Maybe it's a sort of disease that a person can catch most anywhere he happens to be . . ."

Are You a Detective?

(Answers to quiz on page 114)

1. No; 2. Yes; 3. Yes; 4. Yes; 5. No; 6. Yes; 7. Yes; 8. Yes; 9. Correct; 10. Yes; 11. Yes.

John Macdonald, accused by Captain Benz in Carl Dykstra's presence, cracked and confessed having long been unbearably jealous after being rebuffed by his best friend's wife. He was found guilty of first-degree murder and hanged.

Forester Watts: Guardian of Our Land

by HAL BURTON

His is a ceaseless battle to make sure that our precious natural resources are not mismanaged or ruthlessly plundered



ONE BLUSTERY SUMMER day in 1946, when rain squalls chased each other across the summits of the Wasatch Mountains in Utah, the little cattle town of Mt. Pleasant was thronged with holiday makers. They had gathered to celebrate Pioneer Day, commemorating the arrival of the Mormons many years before. But prominent among them were many stockmen who were concerned more with what had become known in the West as "The Range Controversy" than with the celebration and its imminent great parade.

"Just who do these Foresters think they are—kings?" a burly rancher said as he scowled at the stormy sky. "They want to cut down the number of cattle we graze on the National Forests, on account of erosion and floods. What do they know about it? They don't have to make their living out here, raising sheep and cattle!"

This kind of talk against U. S. Forest Service administration was quite often heard throughout 11 cattle states. But neither the cattlemen nor the others who were forming for the Pioneer Day parade had much more time for talk.

From the bare hills above the

village, dark amidst the storm clouds, came an ominous warning rumble. A few minutes later, a roaring torrent of silt, mud and boulders—part of the tragically thin soil cover which took millions of years to build on those same hills—came pouring down the main street of Mt. Pleasant, burying it under a carpet of slime.

The parade was broken up, and the range controversy was temporarily forgotten. Nature in her most frightening way had answered the argument in favor of Lyle F. Watts, rangy gray-haired public servant who heads the U. S. Forest Service.

The story of Mt. Pleasant's disaster was simple. Too many cattle had cropped the sparse grass of an arid countryside. Too many sheep had pounded the scanty topsoil into a layer of dust. When the rains came, the rootless earth slid loose.

It was a stunning object lesson—a dramatic affirmation of the truth which Lyle Watts has been hammering home during his 37 years as a forester: that our country's precious natural resources, if misused, will take a terrible revenge on the American people.

As Uncle Sam's No. 1 forester, Watts has, since 1943, stood guard over a most priceless segment of our national economy. He is responsible for the wise and productive use of 180,000,000 acres of timberland, upland meadows and towering mountains—a multibillion-dollar investment in the American future.

This expansive heritage is so vast that, if it were subdivided, every

man, woman and child in America would own more than an acre apiece. Intact, and spread through 42 of the 48 states, Alaska and Puerto Rico, the National Forests represent an asset of incalculable value, with timber enough for 20,000,000 homes and water enough to meet the domestic needs of half the nation's population.

What would happen if this great sylvan treasure house were mismanaged or plundered? Think of the effect on the American economy. Industry draws its power from the rushing streams which have their start on Uncle Sam's woodlands;

agriculture relies on the high country for water to irrigate its vast Western fields; meat on the hoof grazes the lush National Forest meadows.

It is Lyle Watts' job to insure that this irreplaceable heritage is handed down intact to

future generations. As a fighting trustee for all the people, as an evangelist for conservation, he has naturally made powerful enemies. Selfish interests have at times sought to shear him of his powers. Particularly during the last three years, he has been the target of a ferocious attack by a small segment of cattle and sheep raisers who had an eye on the market and scant interest in the nation's future.

Watts has been branded a bureaucrat and a dictator; his removal has been demanded repeatedly. Critics in Congress have threatened to strip the Forest Service of its most important functions. But to Watts, whose feeling for the forests



is warm and living, such attacks are conclusive evidence that our wilderness is worth fighting for.

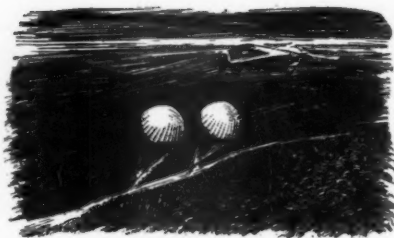
"The American people pay me to protect this part of their basic resources," he says firmly. "Our welfare and that of our children and grandchildren depends on the good health of the forests. Damage them, and you damage yourself. Destroy them—and you destroy our nation."

AS HEIR TO a great forestry tradition established by Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt, and enhanced by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Watts has a job that would try the soul of a lesser man. He must reconcile the varying interests bound up in 152 separate National Forests that stretch from the hardwood groves of northern Michigan to the rain forests of the foggy Oregon seacoast, from the towering Ponderosa pine of Idaho to the dusty loblolly pine of the South.

This is the best of America—an expanse of mountains, lakes and streams, of grassy meadows and woodland playgrounds, where millions of Americans spend their annual vacations rent-free. To study the special needs of all this country, Watts travels 10,000 miles a year.

Not long ago, a ranger in the Payette National Forest in Idaho was detailed to "cruise" a timber tract ten miles off a backwoods road. His job was to mark the mature trees which should be cut to provide lumber for American homes. He was busy staring into the tree-tops when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He whirled round.

"Name's Watts," said the stranger, extending his hand. "Just thought I'd walk in and see how



the forest was coming. Used to be the ranger up here myself."

"Gosh, you're the Chief Forester, aren't you?" gulped the astonished young ranger.

"I'm just visiting," said Watts. "Let's talk things over." For 15 minutes, he discussed forestry problems with the nervous ranger.

"You're doing a good job," he said as he rose to his feet. "I like the way you're marking these trees. I'd mark the same trees myself."

Though informality fits him best, Watts is a storehouse of important information about the back country. He gets his facts on the ground, using his own two feet or a balky Western cayuse to climb the remote hills. In 1947, this knowledge stood him in good stead. A Congressional committee, seemingly determined to discredit his work, had summoned Watts to a hearing at Grand Junction, Colorado.

Before the session began, an embittered rancher told Watts: "Mister, you're just one of those swivel-chair guys from Washington. I don't believe you know a damned thing about ranching!"

Watts grinned and pointed to a wall map. "Ever been up through those mountain passes?" he asked mildly. The rancher grudgingly shook his head.

"Well, I wish you'd take a trip

up there," said Watts. "I just came back. The soil is eroding because the cattle have chewed off all the forage. Why don't you look into it, and then perhaps you'll change your mind."

The range controversy, of which this hearing was a symptom, came to a head in 1946, when a cut was made in the number of livestock permitted to graze on about half the National Forests of 11 states. The reduction was tiny, and it was put into effect only after evidence of a threat to precious water reserves and to the range itself had been established. But it stirred an ear-splitting argument.

"The trouble was that we hit individuals, and individuals are always vocal," says Watts, who is winning this battle by preserving his fair-minded outlook.

"During World War I, we allowed herds to be built up on the National Forests because we had to provide meat and hides for an emergency. Ever since then, we've been trying to cut down the total without harming individuals.

"Some stockmen claim that we want to take the livestock off the National Forests. Quite the contrary. It's good business for us to graze cattle there. We get revenue in permit fees and we're helping to support a splendid industry."

When Watts put through the 1946 cut, however, a powerful minority of 25,000 stockmen began a ferocious attack on him. It was a long, tough battle, but the Chief Forester triumphed.

But, day by day, Watts fights a subtler enemy than selfish interests. That enemy is fire. Each year, some 25,000,000 acres of forest

grass and brush-covered land goes up in smoke, much of it private property over which the Forest Service has little or no control.

In his own time as a forester in the ranks, Watts fought many a fire. He knows what it is to work, red-eyed and worn-out, 72 hours at a stretch; what it is to face death as flames race through the treetops and forest giants plunge earthward with a shattering roar. Several times, he has narrowly escaped death when a sudden shift in wind sent fire roaring across a line of sweating foresters.

"I guess I've been lucky," he says. But more than luck is involved in fighting a big fire. It takes generalship, a knowledge of the terrain, and an inflexible courage.

Fresh in Watts' memory is the roaring holocaust of Oregon's Tillamook Burn, which swept 311,000 acres of towering Douglas fir during the disastrously dry summer of 1933. A few years later, Tillamook burned over again. And finally, in 1945, still another fire wrecked all hope that the few remaining trees would re-seed this modern desert.

"Fires like Tillamook should never happen," says Watts. "It is up to us to anticipate such disasters, and to minimize them if we can't prevent them entirely."

NOWADAYS, the Forest Service parachutes men to isolated fires, and uses observation planes to spot trouble before it grows too big. This project was initiated in the late '30s. When war broke out, most of the husky young "smoke-jumpers" went into the service. During the crucial years from 1941 to 1946, when Forest Service person-

nel was thinned to an irreducible minimum, the smoke-jumpers parachuted to more than 500 fires, turning in a record of which Watts is mighty proud.

Today, though the man on foot with pick and shovel remains essential, Watts has built up the Forest Service fleet of planes to 16, and has initiated an exciting aerial experiment—the “bombing” of incipient fires to keep them checked until rangers can arrive.

Skilled Air Force pilots, trained in low-level attacks over Germany or Japan, swoop low over the flames. Bomb bays open and out plummet bombs, filled with a chemical wetting agent. Proximity fuses burst at the proper moment and shower the flames with extinguishing fluid. This new fire-fighting technique is a highly promising one.

To keep fire under control, Watts has at his command 750 ranger stations, enough telephone wire to crisscross the U. S. 20 times, enough truck roads to go around the world six times, and 114 improved airstrips. More than that, he has a force of 11,000 men trained in the traditions of the Service.

To Watts, this phase of his work is less exciting than the job of watching trees grow and figuring how to use them. Mature timber in the National Forests is cut and marketed at the rate of \$20,000,000 a year, or two-thirds of what it costs to operate the Forests. In another 50 years, the time it takes timber to reach the point where harvesting can begin, perhaps half of Uncle Sam's holdings will be making a profit. The balance, acquired for watershed or scenic purposes (14,000,000 acres are reserved as per-

petual wilderness), can't be expected to pay off in cash.

A walking encyclopedia of the out-of-doors, Watts does a good deal of looking and listening whenever he takes a trip through his forests. “He always prefers to talk with the small fry,” says a friend. “Maybe he remembers his own days back in 1913, when he started out with the Forest Service.”

Or perhaps he recalls his childhood in Iowa, where he was born in 1890. As a youngster, he happened on a book dealing with forestry, and the idea of becoming a ranger fired his imagination. In 1913, after attending forestry school, he spent his last \$2 on train fare to the regional office at Ogden, Utah. There, the lanky 23-year-old cleared trails, felled trees, saddled horses, cleaned stables, and learned forestry from the ground up.

“After a while,” he recalls, “they sent me to Pocatello, Idaho, to plant trees in the sagebrush. I had to take a crew of 25 men, and that meant plenty of food supplies. But it was wartime, and sugar and flour were scarce. It seemed certain to me the trees would die. So I wrote a letter to Lee Kneipp, Regional Forester, and told him it was criminal to waste the money, not to mention the sugar and flour.

“Kneipp wrote back a nice letter, but he insisted that I go ahead with the job. Afterward, he said something that has been a guidepost to me ever since: ‘You did a good job, Watts. It wouldn't have been a test of your ability if you had had confidence in what you were doing. You made it a real test by doing a good job anyway.’”

And the trees? They later died, as

Watts had predicted they would, but the man who planted them began to grow steadily with the Forest Service. He married Nell Bowman, an Ogden schoolteacher, who lived with him the interesting life of a ranger on the frontier. They have two children, a boy and a girl now grown, who have adhered to the family tradition. Gordon is in the Forest Service; June is the wife of a woodsman.

Watts progressed from the management of a single forest in Idaho to become director of a forest experiment station, and then a regional forester—initially in the Midwest, later in the Pacific Northwest. When Chief Forester Ferdinand A. Silcox died in 1939, Watts succeeded him. The job is under civil service, and continues independent of changing administrations.

Today, Watts lays great stress on watershed problems. More than 1,000 cities and towns obtain their water from the National Forests, as do 21,000,000 irrigated acres in 17 Western states. Currently, more than 400 water-power projects are operating within forest boundaries. Watts is fighting to conserve this liquid asset; he is also fighting public inertia to drive home the lesson that we must take better care of all



our woodlands, private as well as government-owned.

In advocating conservation, Watts is carrying forward unimpaired the great tradition of the Forest Service, first dramatized by Theodore Roosevelt. In 1905, a stroke of Teddy's pen consolidated the country's forest lands under the Department of Agriculture, and increased them from 56,000,000 to 148,000,000 acres.

To Lyle Watts, the battle is an unending one—against private interests when they become grasping, against public inertia, against fire and human carelessness, against insects which destroy each year more timber than do flames.

He relies on the people, whose trustee he is, for support in this fight. Without it, the battle may be lost. But with public backing, our greatest national treasure will be saved for all time.



Flaming Youth

HE MET HER ON A TRAIN and the remainder of the trip proved to be interesting and romantic. As they chugged toward a mountain,

he remarked, "We're coming to a tunnel—are you afraid?"

"No," she replied, "not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—VINCENT J. GRADSHAW



Queen Barbara of the Silver Blades

by HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

It took courage and hard work for a little Canadian girl to become Olympic champ

A BURST OF SHRAPNEL and machine-gun fire in World War I helped to make Barbara Ann Scott the women's figure-skating champion of the world.

Incredible? Not if you know the determination, courage and inspiration behind this twinkling blonde Canadian girl who has captured virtually every skating honor in the world. Acclaimed as the greatest

spinner ever seen on skates, she is the first girl star to grip public imagination since Norway's Sonja Henie of a decade ago.

Representatives of Hollywood studios camp outside her door. She numbers Presidents, Kings, and Prime Ministers among her friends. In Canada, she ranks with Princess Elizabeth in popularity. And when she won the Olympic title, the

whole Dominion took a bow. "From one end of Canada to the other there is great rejoicing . . . at the high honor you have brought yourself and your country," cabled se-date Mackenzie King, then Prime Minister.

The story of how this pretty young girl finally achieved the championship really begins 13 years before she was born, in April, 1915. A young lieutenant named Clyde Scott, leading his men in the battle of St. Julien, was caught by shrapnel and machine-gun fire, and left for dead on the field. A German patrol found him and carried him to their base hospital.

It was two years before he got back to Canada, where he found his parents had held memorial services for him. But although he was badly crippled, Clyde Scott possessed indomitable spirit. As he gradually recovered strength, he went to work in the Canadian Department of National Defense. Presently he fell in love and married. Soon he was the father of a pretty little blonde—Barbara Ann.

As she grew up, a tremendous attachment developed between the girl and her father. Because he could barely walk, he was determined that his daughter be able to do everything he couldn't do—and do it perfectly. Under his tutelage, she became an expert swimmer, horsewoman, and all-round athlete. Years later, because her father had been deeply interested in aviation, she even learned to fly.

In learning to skate, however, Barbara Ann got off to a later start than most Canadian children, whose icy winters provide a long skating season. What delayed her

was a series of mastoid operations, which left her in delicate health. In the belief that cold winds would prove too rugged for their only child, the Scotts steadfastly ignored her pleas for skates.

These pleas had begun, her mother says, virtually in infancy. But she was six years old before she got her first pair of skates—a present from Santa Claus. However, her parents had bought her the old-fashioned, double-runner type.

"I was heartbroken," says Barbara Ann. "I had my heart set on the single-runner boot type. But they were skates . . . and I went to bed wearing them."

She struggled on the double-runners until the following Christmas, when a wiser Santa brought her swift single-runners. Better still, her parents allowed her to join the Minto Skating Club, headquarters for skating in Ottawa. There she watched older people practice figure skating, and soon was begging for lessons.

Her parents agreed—on two conditions. One, Barbara Ann had to stay among the first six in her class at the Ottawa Normal Model School. Two, she had to keep up her daily hour of piano practice.

Now this was a big order. In order to do her homework, and practice skating and piano, Barbara Ann followed a rigorous schedule, arising an hour earlier than the rest of the family. But she met the conditions . . . and she skated.

Like any novice, she got her bumps and bruises with painful regularity. "In fact," she says, "it sometimes seemed that I did nothing but fall. But I learned that if you're afraid to fall, you'll never

make a figure skater. One winter I wore out a pair of heavy slacks falling—just learning one new jump.”

But gradually she learned to skate on the edge of the blade, and then mastered the first figures—eights, brackets and counters. She made her first public appearance when she was eight in the Minto Follies as “The Spirit of the New Year.” The *Ottawa Journal* called her “the darling of the show.”

The following year, Barbara Ann announced her goal: she wanted to become the world’s greatest figure skater. “We encouraged her in her ambition,” says her mother, “but I told her that if she ever displayed signs of temperament, her skating was finished.” Soon Barbara Ann made her competitive debut in the annual Canadian skating tournament.

When the tiny girl darted out on the ice, a gasp of surprise was followed by gales of prolonged laughter. There was no mistake. Waves of laughter were sweeping the crowd, people were pointing at her and roaring their amusement. Biting her lips, even forcing an occasional smile, she glided on unevenly until she had completed her last figure. Then, with tears streaming down her face, she sped off the ice and buried her head in her mother’s shoulder.

“Oh, Mother,” she sobbed, “they’re laughing at my skating!”

It took days for her parents to convince Barbara that people had merely laughed at her tiny size—and at her audacity in competing against bigger girls. Once convinced, she began to overcome flaws in her skating. A year later, when she was ten, she became the young-

est skater ever to win the gold-medal test, awarded for passing eight tests in basic school figures.

But that is also when she got what Barbara still calls her “worst bump.” As she came off the ice, she was met by her coach, Gus Kusi, the Swiss expert who has become America’s No. 1 champion-maker. Instead of congratulating her, he said: “Now we’ll go back to the beginning and really learn how to skate.”

Barabara Ann gasped as Gus, with brutal frankness, pointed out her weaknesses and insisted she still needed intensive training in figure skating. But she paid heed. “He taught me humility,” she says today. “I went back to fundamentals as if I had never seen skates.”

Kusi drilled her relentlessly. She spent up to eight hours a day on ice. Sometimes she skated the equivalent of 11 miles a day in figure eights. But no sooner had she mastered one aspect of a figure than Kusi was pushing her toward correcting another fault. She fell, she says, thousands of times.

Often, she came home from the Minto Club in tears. The cause was nearly always the same: “flats.” A “flat” is caused by skating on the flat of the blade rather than its edge.

“It took me years to get the flats out of my figures,” she says. “I’d think I had done a figure perfectly and go back and look at my track on the ice. There would be those awful flats. Sometimes the only thing that helped was tears.”

In the summertime, Barbara Ann swam, rode horseback and lived an active social life. But when skating season rolled around, she had to pass up the parties. She couldn’t

go to dances or movies with friends because it would interfere with her studies or skating.

Another discouragement was the fact that her goal seemed to recede as she neared it. For instance, at 11, she won the Canadian junior championship; but by so doing, she put herself into the tougher senior division, competing against much older and more experienced skaters.

Then, in 1941, something happened which made Barbara Ann even more determined to succeed. Her father died from overwork as a confidential secretary of the Department of National Defense.

"I used to practice eight hours a day and think I was working very hard," she says, "and then I would come home and find him still working, sometimes long after midnight. No matter how tired he was, he never stopped."

After her father's death, expenses became a big problem. Barbara Ann and her mother economized in every way to pay for instructors and travel to distant competitions. All of this had to come out of a pension of about \$3,000 a year.

But now her tireless practice began to pay off. That year and the following one, she was runner-up for the Canadian championship. In 1944, she won the title, and defended it successfully the following year. In 1945, she came to New York and won the North American title by topping graceful Gretchen Merrill of Boston and six other contenders.

And now a group of Ottawa businessmen came to the Scotts' financial aid. They raised thousands of dollars to make it possible for her to compete for the European championship in Switzerland. She won,

and two weeks later went on to capture the world championship tournament in Stockholm. The victory was celebrated all over Canada, and the welcome she received on returning home surpassed that which greeted the British royal family in 1939.

Business firms bought newspaper space to congratulate her. Prime Minister Mackenzie King welcomed her in person. Toronto suspended the antinoise ordinance for 20 minutes upon her arrival. And in Ottawa, the City Council appropriated \$3,500 to buy a cream-colored convertible as a present.

Nobody had prepared Barbara Ann for the welcome in Ottawa. Thousands of people were milling about the station: the rotunda was crowded with government officials and members of Parliament.

The cream-colored convertible, however, set off an uproar that rocked Canada for weeks. Avery Brundage, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Committee, protested her acceptance of the car on the grounds of "professionalism."

Canadians were infuriated at this interpretation of their gratitude. For days no other subject was discussed in Canada. However, the Canadian Olympic Committee regretfully suggested that it would be best for Barbara Ann to give the car back if she wanted to continue skating as an amateur. What was at stake was her chance to win the Olympic title. Tearfully, she gave the car back . . . and prepared to defend her European and world titles, and win the Olympic crown.

She returned to Europe early in 1948 and outskated contenders for her European and world titles. By

the time the Olympic competition rolled around, Barbara Ann's record book showed that she had put in—during her career—more than 20,000 hours of practice. At the Olympics, all this practice equaled perfection, which, in turn, equaled the championship.

But instead of hustling off to her dressing room, she stayed to applaud the other skaters. This lack of temperament and her ladylike manners create friends for her among competitors. But the latter are also made uneasy by the fact that behind that politeness is the determination of a champion. Like most champions, Barbara Ann is slightly superstitious. She believes that No. 13 on her arm band will help her win. At the Olympic matches, she drew No. 13. A competitor's coach, thinking she would be upset, was dumfounded to discover she was delighted.

In the summer of 1948, with all the world's most important skating titles in her grasp, Barbara Ann turned professional. She says it was the hardest thing she ever had to do.

When she finally agreed to turn professional, it was with the stipulation that part of her earnings were to support institutions for crippled children. As a result, she has

one of the most unusual contracts in show business. The St. Lawrence Foundation to Aid Crippled Children pays her a salary and expenses. To them she refers all Hollywood offers, skating promoters, and manufacturers seeking endorsements.

There have been other benefits. The cream-colored convertible, which she once had to give up, has been returned to her by grateful Canadians. The Scotts' financial problems are at an end. And to her own surprise, Barbara Ann even shows signs of liking show business.

After years of wearing modest costumes, she takes delight in flashy and bespangled outfits. Yet she remains her polite, considerate self. During an appearance at New York's Roxy Theater, she shocked blasé autograph seekers, who are accustomed to being brushed off, by leaning from her dressing-room window and yelling: "Hi, gang! I'll be right down."

Although her name has recently been linked romantically with several young men, Barbara Ann says she has no serious matrimonial plans at present. "I won't get married until I have finished my career as a professional skater," she says. Then she adds: "And that is something I have barely begun!"



A Dutiful Wife

BOTTS HAD OCCASION to reprimand his wife. "I think, dear," he said soothingly, "that you fib a little occasionally."

"Well," she replied pointedly, "I think it's a wife's duty to speak well of her husband occasionally."

—GUSTAVE T. ARNAUT

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WILL ROGERS: *American Legend*

In Rogers County, Oklahoma, he was plain "Uncle Clem's boy." But the world knew and still remembers him as America's greatest folk philosopher.

ON AUGUST 15, 1935, a gleaming red seaplane crashed on a lonely inlet near Point Barrow, Alaska. Within hours, the tragic story was radioed to the world. Both occupants of the plane were dead.

The pilot, Wiley Post, was one of the most famous flyers of an air-conscious era. His even more famous passenger, Will Rogers, was a grassroots American cowboy who knew how to twirl a rope and make the world laugh at its own troubles—real and imaginary.

A few years before that fateful day, Will Rogers remarked: "I am just an old country boy in a big town, trying to get along. I have been eating pretty regular, and the reason that I have is that I have stayed an old country boy."

That was his credo. He scorned pretension, and put his faith in good common sense. His homespun humor was richly threaded with shrewd comments on the times. He knew how to make people laugh at themselves. This delightful wit made him famous, but the astute observations and philosophy behind it made him immortal. For, above all, Will Rogers was a person who could say: "I hardly ever met a man I didn't like."



WILL ROGERS was proud to have been born on Election Day, November 4, 1879, and prouder still that his parents—"Uncle Clem" and Mary Rogers—were part Cherokee Indian. Once, at a swank Boston dinner, he said: "My ancestors didn't come over on the *Mayflower*. But they met the boat!"

"Uncle Clem" was a wealthy and influential man, determined that his only son should be thoroughly educated. His efforts, perhaps fortunately for the world, were singularly unsuccessful. "Three years of McGuffey's Fourth Reader," Will liked to reminisce, "and I knew more about it than McGuffey did." Military school, "Uncle Clem's" last resort, proved to be Will's last straw. He left school for good to become a Texas cowhand.

Some years later, he turned up on Broadway as a vaudeville cowboy. In between he had adventured in Argentina, Australia and South Africa—where he was billed in a Wild West show as "The Cherokee Kid—the Man who Can Lasso the Tail Off a Blowfly."

Rogers had discovered show business. Sometime later, he accidentally found his voice. Tangled in his ropes while performing one night, he began to explain his problems to the audience. They roared in appreciation—and after that, Will, who knew a good thing when he saw it, kept right on talking.

In 1908, he married Betty Blake—a boyhood crush back in Oklahoma. Of their happiness he boasted, years later: "I'm not a real movie star. I still got the same wife I started out with."



The impeccable uniform of Kemper Military Academy lent young Will Rogers a deceptively guileless air.



Shortly after this photograph was taken, the unruly Will abandoned schooling in favor of the Texas cow country.



TYPICALLY, WILL ROGERS HAD A FAMILY WHEN FAMILIES WERE TABOO IN HOLLYWOOD. IN THIS HAPPY PORTRAIT, WILL AND MRS. ROGERS, SONS WILL, JR., AND JIMMY, AND DAUGHTER MARY ENJOY THE SUN ON THE TERRACE OF THEIR CALIFORNIA RANCH HOME.



Though it was seldom apparent, Will never got used to the mike.

JOKES WERE Will Rogers' trademark. He claimed modestly: "I only know what I read in the papers." But when he focused his penetrating wit on the events of the day, his countrymen were treated to an unsurpassed interpretation of the news.

Of the lengthy World War I Peace Treaty, he remarked: "Could have settled the whole thing in one sentence—*If you birds start anything again, we will give you the other barrel!*" Later came the famous epigram—"The United States never lost a war or won a conference."

Audiences invariably made him nervous. Prior to his first appearance before President Wilson, his stage fright was so acute that he was terrified of going on. When the dreaded moment finally came, he sauntered on-stage and drawled: "I'm kinder nervous here tonight."

The big-name audience chuckled, for it was obviously so. Then, casually twirling his ropes, he began to discuss the touchy federal problem of Pancho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit.

"I see where they have captured Pancho Villa," he said. "Yes, they got him in the Morning Editions, and the Afternoon ones let him get away."

The audience looked warily at the Presidential box. When Wilson laughed, everyone laughed. That set a pattern. Then Will climaxed his act with: "President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago. Do you realize, People, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany, he was five notes behind?" The President laughed uproariously, and the theater exploded to give Will one of his greatest ovations.

WILL ROGERS rarely offended anyone; his witticisms, while pointed, were never barbed. In the plush 1920s, he delighted in commenting on the American scene—and particularly on politics. Once he announced: "I am not a member of any organized party—I am a Democrat." And another time, "A Republican wants politics to be known as his side line. He wants to work at it, but he wants people to believe he don't have to."

Congress, which frequently wrote his epigrams into the *Congressional Record*, was a favorite Rogers' target. Once asked: "Is the field of humor crowded?" he quipped, "Only when Congress is in session."

He had a knack of condensing a national sentiment into a sentence. At a very formal dinner, he said, "I think it would be better if more people worked for their dinners, and fewer dressed for them." On Prohibition, he wrote, "The South is dry and will vote dry. That is, everybody who is sober enough to stagger to the polls will."

When the stock-market crash came in 1929, he stopped kidding the government, and supported its campaign to restore the nation's confidence—although he readily admitted to not knowing what "confidence" meant. His famous quip, "We have the distinction of being the only nation that is going to the poorhouse in an automobile," did more for America's flagging spirits than a bushel of Sunday speeches. This was perhaps due to Rogers' uncanny ability to "call a spade a spade—and make the spade like it."



Though he was one of the first stars to take up polo, Will always remained essentially a cowboy.



His three children were all adept at riding and rope tricks. Will himself practiced several hours each day.



In *Judge Priest*, Will just played himself. America loved it.



Though they never played together, Will Rogers and Shirley Temple were friends, and two of the top stars of 1934.

LEGEND HAS IT that Will Rogers was the only actor who ever became a great star in Hollywood while still wearing the same suit of clothes he arrived in—and that suit was rumpled.

Following a modest success in silent pictures, he scored his greatest triumphs with the advent of sound. By 1934, he was the nation's most popular star. However, adulation was lost on him. He clung to his first impressions of filmdom.

"It's a comfortable kind of show business," he admitted. "Not much night work, and the only place I know where you can act and at the same time sit down in front and clap for yourself." Then came his classic: "Everyone is trying to find out what is wrong with the movies. If they ever do find out, they will ruin the business."



Will Rogers and Dorothy Wilson react to a crisis in *In Old Kentucky*.

IN THE MOVIES, as in real life, Will was loved because he never outgrew being "just folks." His success brought him great wealth, and he donated huge sums to worthy causes. He could dine casually with royalty or with a group of cowboys around a chuck-wagon. He gently kidded the greatest men and the most serious issues of his time—but no one ever caught a Rogers' joke off-base.

He was an inveterate traveler, and was widely known as "America's unofficial ambassador of good will." Far-off places and airplanes fascinated him, and his boyhood spirit of adventure persisted all his life. A few days before his fatal Alaska trip, his nationally syndicated newspaper column was jubilantly headed: "Off for Somewhere in a Red Bus —."



David Harum and *A Connecticut Yankee* were two of Rogers' best-loved and greatest screen roles.



WHEN WILL ROGERS' VOICE WAS SILENCED, HIS COUNTRYMEN KNEW THAT THEY HAD LOST MORE THAN A WELL-LOVED COMEDIAN. IN THE HEARTS OF MILLIONS, HIS NAME IS STILL CHERISHED AS THAT OF A WARM PHILOSOPHER AND A VERY GREAT AMERICAN.

NATURE'S CATHEDRAL

by EDWIN WAY TEAL

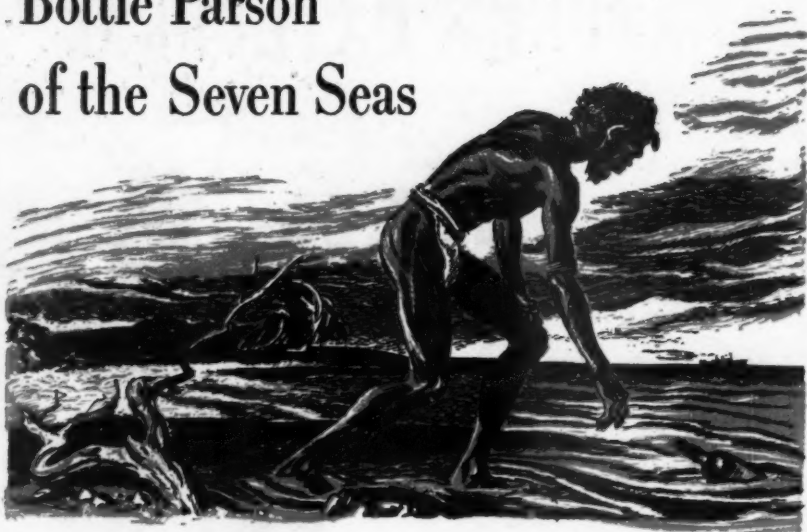
AMONG ALL THE OBJECTS that affect our sense of sight, only one, only the stars, approach the eternal. Like celestial philosophers, they speak in their steadfastness of endurance and courage. Anywhere, on any map, place your finger on the tiniest hamlet or village or crossroads, and if you could know all who dwell there, you would find someone who, in a weary or troubled hour, has found comfort in the stars.

After sunset, the hour of the appearing stars is a time of calm reflection. The wide, redolent earth beneath the star-studded roof of the sky is Nature's own cathedral. No attitude of mind is more essentially religious than humility before the stars. There are no idols in the sky, for part of every man's religion is a sense of awe and wonder in the presence of the beauty of the heavens.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BUCHHEIT



"Bottle Parson" of the Seven Seas



His "floating sermons" have found their way to the far corners of the world

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

IF YOU WERE ADRIFT on the Pacific Ocean, you might sight a well-corked whisky bottle bobbing up and down near-by, or if you were a castaway on a deserted island "Way Down Under," one might be washed up at your feet.

Opening it, you would find that it contained not a drink but a sermon. The label would indicate the message had originated in Tacoma, Washington, and that it had been set adrift by a unique character, George Phillips, known as the "Bottle Parson."

More than 15,000 "evangelistic whisky bottles" have been tossed into the Pacific by Phillips or his volunteer agents. Many he throws

into Puget Sound at Point Defiance, a well-named launching place for his glass-bomb attack on evil, where swift waters carry them out to sea.

Hundreds are pitched overboard between America and the Orient by religious zealots traveling by ship, both as crew members and passengers. Now and then a crusading aviator will take a batch of gospel-laden bottles, zoom down near the surface of the ocean and consign them to the waters.

Phillips does not know how many have reached a human "destination," but he does have answers from more than 1,200 persons who have picked up bottles on the coasts of Alaska, Hawaii, New Guinea, Australia and Mexico, as well as the U.S. Strange, even eerie, are

the stories that have reached him about his unique ministry.

One bottle was found in Australia by an aborigine named Madjuwoi. He turned the mysterious container with its paper contents over and over again, trying vainly to solve the riddle. Finally he decided to show it to a Methodist missionary in Millingimbi.

On the way to the mission, he discovered three Allied airmen who had bailed out of their flak-ridden plane and had been lost in the wilds for 30 days. He guided them to the mission. They thought the whisky bottle was a disguised Japanese bomb, but the native refused to let them tamper with it.

Gingerly, the missionary opened the container, saw the religious tracts within, and read Phillips' statement to the group. Suddenly one of the airmen leaped up.

"Why, that's the Whisky Bottle Parson!" he exclaimed. "Some people in my congregation back home help support his work!"

Off Puget Sound, a fisherman and his wife made a "catch" of a "piety bottle" and read the contents. They wrote Phillips they had been estranged from church for 14 years, but were renewing their religious fellowship.

Three families in Hawaii joined

the church after one person spotted a bottle on the beach and took it home with him. Still another container was found by an American soldier in North Africa. When he wrote to Phillips, he could not explain how the bottle had reached Africa from the Pacific Ocean.

Phillips, one-time amateur pugilist and later a carpenter, had alcoholic troubles of his own after years of conviviality, and became a total abstainer. The idea of a whisky-bottle ministry struck him one day in 1940. He picked up an empty bourbon bottle, put a religious tract in it, corked it, and walked to Tacoma's Narrows Bridge. There he dumped it into the Sound.

The idea grew on him so strongly that he finally gave up his business to carry on his strange but dramatic evangelism. Constantly he has sought to improve the mechanics of his crusade. Now he puts into each bottle eight brief tracts, rolled in cellophane, and then seals the container with a watertight cap.

Today, George Phillips' crusade has become international—not only with replies from around the world but also with volunteer workers, who are carrying on a similar bottle ministry from Britain, Ireland, the Bahamas, India, China and South America.

Right Ad, Wrong Answer



"I advertised that I would welcome the poor to my church," exclaimed the minister, "and after inspecting today's collection, I see that they have come."

—RALPH LENNIG

Lily Langtry:

THE PASSION FLOWER



ILLUSTRATED BY BEN STAHL

A mediocre actress but a great beauty, she became "the woman of the century," courted and idolized on two continents

by CAROL HUGHES

THE GATHERING at Lady Sebright's party in London was almost a command performance. The usual crowd of authors, sculptors, artists and royalty was present. Then, during a moment's lull in the proceedings, occurred an event that was later to make history of a sort.

A young couple entered the room. The man was an unprepossessing soul, rather poorly dressed. The wife, a girl of 22, came shyly for-

ward, paid her respects to the hostess and then retired to the rear of the room. She wore a simple black dress of inexpensive material, and no jewels. Her hair was brown and long, and, contrary to the upswept coiffures of the day, was worn pulled back from her face.

Obviously unaccustomed to the elegance of such company, the girl sat in a corner and made no effort to meet anyone. Then her gracious hostess brought forward a man well-

known in England—Sir Henry Irving—and introduced him. Within a few moments the hostess was back again, this time with Lord Wharncliffe. And then, to the girl's amazement, she found a line in front of her, awaiting introductions.

Sir John Millais, the eminent painter, was waiting his turn; the famous American artist, James McNeill Whistler, had eyes for no one but her. Before the evening was over, the quiet Mrs. Edward Langtry, daughter of a clergyman in the Isle of Jersey, had become the woman of the century.

The girl who later was to be known as "Mrs. Langtry," "The Jersey Lily," "Lily Langtry" and Lady Hugo de Bathe, was and still is one of the most controversial figures of her time. No theatrical star of our day has ever rated the space, comment, criticism and adulation that came to Lily Langtry. In England she was lionized and worshiped; everything she wore became the rage; people lined the streets to watch her carriage go by. Dowagers and duchesses coveted her presence; princes and peers prostrated themselves before her.

The Prince of Wales, and his wife, Alexandra, made her their friend. She not only moved as an equal in top society, but reigned as a sovereign, more sought after than any figure in London. And yet, historians of her fabulous career are still divided in their verdicts on her true character.

One version says she was not greatly moved by adulation and remained sweet and simple to the end of her life. Other critics, equally numerous, say that Lily was one of the most ambitious, scheming beau-

ties who ever set out to conquer the world.

Facts tend to support the latter version, for as wife, mother and mistress, the "most beautiful woman in the world" proved coldly dissatisfying. She had no talent as an actress. Her pictures reveal her to be a rather tigerish, voluptuous woman who by modern standards would not rate a second look.

In none of the statements attributed to her did she ever show brilliance or wit. And yet, for almost 50 years The Jersey Lily reigned as a central figure of her times—far more celebrated than the immortal Sarah Bernhardt.

How far she might have gone had it not been for the tragic little figure of her husband is hard to say. Surely there was not a Prince, Duke or Lord who did not covet the beautiful Lily. But poor, insignificant Edward Langtry—out of malice for the wreck she made of his life—consistently refused to give Lily her freedom.

Along with the ultimate tragedy of going to his death as a drunken and demented outcast, some say the most poignant sadness of his life was that he did not know he had a daughter until 15 years after the child was born, when Lily sued for divorce in America.

Lily Langtry was born in 1852, daughter of an Episcopalian minister and his beautiful wife. She was christened Emilie Charlotte LeBreton, a name she loathed, but was called Lily immediately because her mother shared her first name. (It was Sir John Millais, the painter, who gave her the sobriquet of "The Jersey Lily.")

Lily was never sent to school, but

studied under the tutelage of her brothers' teacher and a French governess. As a romping tomboy, she became the terror of the village; but soon her beauty was so celebrated that, by the age of 14, suitors were asking for her hand.

Eight years later, Edward Langtry, a wealthy widower of 30, proposed to her. They married, and sailed away on Edward's yacht for a five-month honeymoon, after which they settled down in a cottage on the outskirts of London, to what Langtry thought was domestic bliss. Then came the Sebright party, which catapulted Lily into the maelstrom of London society and spelled doom for Edward.

IN THE WEEKS FOLLOWING the Sebright gala, the Langtry cottage became the repository of mail, flowers, candy, invitations and guests in a manner to equal Buckingham Palace. Gentlemen's carriages lined the street; dowagers and duchesses came to tea. And late one night the bewildered Langtry stumbled over the sleeping form of Oscar Wilde on the front doorstep. The disciple of "The Jersey Lily" had simply curled up at the closed door of the temple.

Edward seems to have fought a short but futile battle against the storm. Finally he discarded the role of pretended escort, and took to liquor and fishing as his sole consolations. While his celebrated wife discussed Shakespeare with Gladstone, posed night and day for artists, rode with the Prince of Wales and was on the guest list at Buckingham Palace, the small fortune of Edward Langtry quickly dissipated, as did his character.

The inevitable happened — the sheriff came with overdue bills, and soon Lily found herself dispossessed. Moving into a modest apartment, she began to consider her future.

At this stage, one kindly woman decided to help her by using the only assets Lily had—beauty and notoriety. When Mrs. Henry Le-bouchère invited her to take part in a charity production, the confident Lily was delighted. On opening night, she slithered onto the stage in the presence of an audience composed largely of nobility.

Lily stood like a statue, her first two lines forgotten—but, once prompted into speech, she was a sensation, heralded as a new great actress. The producers didn't flock around her immediately, but after her performance in a charity production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, at the Haymarket Theater in 1881, they knew that Lily was money in the bank, even though she had no talent.

The press went wild about the Lily's acting. But in 1882, when Henry E. Abbey brought her to America, her newspaper reception was mixed. While the front pages followed her every move, and sob sisters chronicled her fabulous life and loves, the critics lashed into her acting. They did admit, however, that the fair Lily had not been overrated as the most beautiful woman in the world.

However, Oscar Wilde, who happened to be in America for Lily's opening, wrote one of the most glowing reviews ever printed. He spoke of her "marvelous beauty of face," her "exquisitely arched brow," the "noble chiseling of the mouth," the "splendid curve of the cheek." And to the chagrin of the

critics, the clamor for Lily and her acting was greater than ever before. From New York to San Francisco, offers poured in, ranging to the unheard-of sum of \$2,500 a week.

Then, much to the dismay of the devoted Wilde, an event occurred which brought about the inevitable for Mrs. Langtry. Still married to the hapless Edward, she was introduced by Oscar to his wealthy playboy friend, Freddy Gebhardt. The young Freddy, with an allowance of \$90,000 a year, had never worked in his life. After he had attached himself to Mrs. Langtry and traveled from coast to coast with her, the American press lit into the "affair" with caustic language.

The *Times* of Philadelphia came out with a front-page headline: "Is Mrs. Langtry Married?"—and then discussed her affair with Gebhardt in fine detail. That did it. Lily's indiscretions became an open scandal on two continents.

While the shy British press did not chronicle the event itself, they did ask, "Is Mrs. Langtry Divorced?"—and then proceeded to intimate that her new romance indicated that such an event might be possible in America.

The Gebhardt scandal, instead of hurting her box-office value, enhanced it. She became more of a sensation than ever, and continued to be the most sought-after personality on the stage.

The Langtry charms were best described by that master showman, David Belasco, who wrote:

"Her Junoesque figure was perfectly proportioned—a full bosom temptingly revealed just enough by décolleté gowns, slim hips and long beautiful legs, gave her a bearing

that was her most distinctive quality. She moved like a queen, aware of her grace and distinction, but as gracious as a queen could be to her adoring subjects."

AFTER 1887, THE LILY began to flit back and forth between London and America; but by now she had lost her royal following. The truth about how she fell out with the Prince of Wales will never be known, but the most publicized account held that at a gay party, she sneaked up behind him and, in the presence of dukes and duchesses, pushed ice down his back.

In 1897, Edward Langtry died, bankrupt, demented and an outcast. Something of Lily's nature was revealed in her action at that time. With a touch of sardonic humor, she sent a gigantic funeral wreath tied with the colors of her fabulous racing stables, which by now were second only to the King's.

Two years later, as one of the wealthiest and most notorious ladies of the day, she married Hugo Gerald de Bathe, 19 years her junior, who would one day inherit the title of his father. In 1907, she achieved her long-sought goal and became Lady de Bathe.

By now, however, she was 55, and the end was already in sight. Her reputation denied her the position she had so long desired as a great lady in the British realm. And by a strange fate, it was the daughter she had neglected all these years who did most to isolate her from the rewards she coveted.

All the while that The Lily had been winning fame and fortune, the daughter, under no less a patronage than that of the King and

Queen, was quietly attending the finest schools and mingling with top society—a privilege now denied her mother. Through the King's help, the most eligible bachelors were presented to her on a platter.

Finally she chose the proud and wealthy Scotchman, Ian Malcolm, but she was permitted to marry into that distinguished clan only with the proviso that she would never indulge her mother's company. The fair Lily was never invited inside the door, and when she called after the birth of her granddaughter, the maid announced that her daughter was "out."

Time wore well with Lily and her beauty, as if to compensate for the loss of everything else she held dear. But beauty was now The Lily's only asset, aside from wealth.

She retired to her villa in Monte Carlo, old, alone and neglected. Her once-proud title was snatched away by her young husband, who demanded and got a divorce. No royalty dared be seen in her presence. Alone in her spacious villa with only her housekeeper and her two dogs, Mrs. Langtry died in February, 1929, at the age of 77.

But even today, her fame lives on, for as a theater magazine said of her passing:

"In this strangely irresistible personality mantled in beauty, whom sculptors and painters have immortalized and the histories of kings acknowledged, there was something picturesque, distantly romantic and imperishable. She was the one woman of the century who appealed entirely to the imagination."

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Song of Songs

FOLLOWING the death of her little son, grief had wasted Kathy Westendorf away to almost nothing. When Tom, her husband, consulted a doctor, the recommended cure was a change of scene—a visit to some new place as soon as winter had passed and she could stand the trip.

When Tom mentioned it, Kathy smiled for the first time in months. Yes, she said, for a long time she had wanted to leave Virginia and visit her mother in New York.

But how was Tom Westendorf, an unsuccessful young composer, going to raise the funds? Each day, as Kathy became more excited about her trip to New York, he found it harder to confess that there was no money. So he began fabricating stories of success.

Money from new songs, he told her, was piling up. When spring came, he

would take her home. He even made a little song of the words and chanted it gaily whenever the trip was mentioned.

Then, one night when sleep wouldn't come, the wistful ditty kept running through his mind. He crept downstairs and covered several pages with scribbles. When he had finished, he knew it was the best song he had ever written—born of the lie he had been living for weeks. Hurriedly he mailed the manuscript to the Cincinnati publisher who had rejected his former efforts.

Then he waited—waited and prayed. Finally a reply came. And with it a check big enough to cover half a dozen trips to New York.

Though today the song is popularly believed to be an old Irish tune, actually it was a young Virginia composer who wrote the unforgettable ballad: *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen*.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

JANUARY, 1950



Those Gentlemen of the Press

by LEONARD LYONS

A noted columnist recalls some fabulous stories about heroes of the Fourth Estate

WHENEVER VETERANS of the newspaper business get together, they like to recall ingenious feats that have added heroes to journalism's Hall of Fame. Among their favorite stories are the ones about:

1. Walter Lister, now of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*.

When Flemington, New Jersey, was the most publicized date line in the world, Lister, then city editor of the *New York Post*, needed an extra press ticket to the courtroom where the Hauptmann trial was about to begin. There was only one ticket available and another newspaper had also applied for it.

Lister did three things: (a) he sent a box of choice Corona Corona cigars to the Sheriff and enclosed a card from the *New York Post*; (b) he sent a box of cheap, foul-smelling cigars to the Sheriff and enclosed a card from the other paper; (c) he sent a messenger to the Sheriff, who gave him the precious ticket.

2. An unnamed reporter, long since retired to Hollywood, whose talent with an expense sheet won him the envy of his co-workers and a job writing fiction for M-G-M.

On the first day of the Lindbergh kidnaping trial, he lost \$2,000 in a

poker game. He couldn't pay, and the other players gave him ten days to raise the money. Thereupon the reporter notified his editor that he had become friendly with an employee of the Trenton Telephone company who could arrange to have Colonel Lindbergh's wire tapped—for \$200 a day.

"Let's try it for a while and see what they dig up," he proposed, and his editor agreed.

For the next ten days, the reporter composed fictitious material which was intriguing enough to excite further curiosity, yet not sufficiently conclusive to warrant publication. Each of the transcribed "conversations" ended with the words: "Well, Colonel, something may come of this tomorrow."

3. The night editor who worked for the Philadelphia *Record* on the day Huey Long was shot.

He sat in on the "Death Watch," waiting for the flash that Long had died. The building was dark, except in the city room where the lights were ablaze while the staff waited for word from Louisiana. Across the street they could see the lights in the city room of the rival morning paper, whose men were also on the Death Watch.

They waited for hours, until final-edition time, and then continued to wait—each staff observing the other

across the street, in the event that an extra edition were printed by the opposition.

"I have an idea," the night editor suggested. He proposed that the lights in the city room be turned off so that it would seem as if the staff had given up waiting and had gone home. The plan was adopted.

Minutes later, the lights across the street also were darkened and the staff dismissed. And then came the telegraphic flash—the Kingfish was dead!

The *Record* beat the town on the story, with an extra put out by the patient men who had waited silently in the darkness.

4. The late Heywood Broun, newspaper columnist.

Broun once wrote a prayer, expressing the dream of all newspapermen who ever worked for a paper into which they poured their years, their work and their love, but which nevertheless ceased to be.

"When I sign off," wrote Heywood Broun, "I would like to ask a blessing on all whose fingers and hearts are stained with the fine badge of ink. It may be that papers which die in a state of grace go to heaven. And if my own luck holds, perhaps St. Peter will say 'Hello, here's your old job back on the old New York *World*.' And that would be heaven."



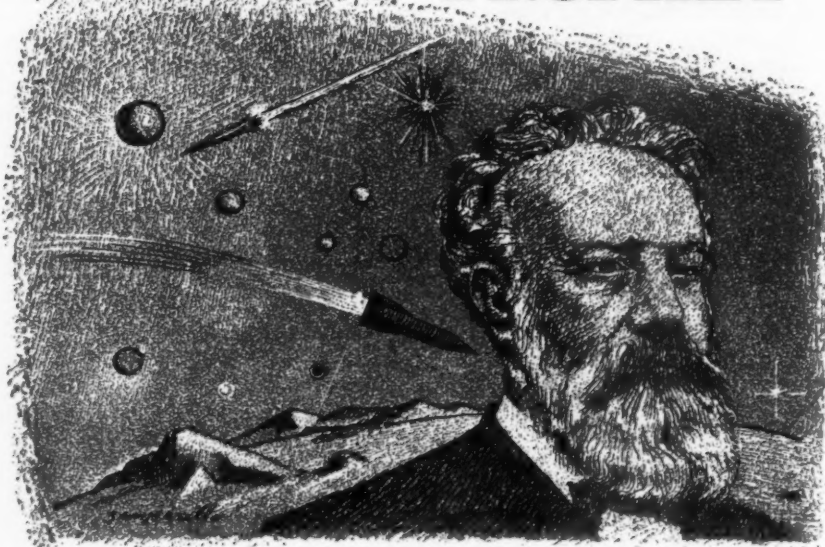
Magic Camera

All the world's a camera—smile, please!

—PRISCILLA KENNETH

JULES VERNE

UNCANNY PROPHET



Peering far into the future, he foresaw many of today's scientific wonders

by HARRY G. TOMPKINS

THERE IS AN AMAZING future ahead of mankind . . . Polar icecaps melted by atomic power . . . Millions of fertile acres added to the land surface of the world . . . Weather under man's control, with climates made to order and deserts turned into garden spots . . . Interplanetary travel, with projectiles racing toward Mars and Venus . . . A great world government, centered in the United States, to bring lasting peace. . . .

You might doubt these predictions even though they came from an eminent scientist. But suppose they came from the man who once predicted many of the major de-

vices and discoveries that make today's world a wonderland of science? He is the man who talked about television 50 years before we had it, who predicted atomic power half a century before the first A-bomb, and foresaw high-speed air liners while the Wright brothers were still flying kites.

No wonder the phrase, "like something out of Jules Verne," is now fixed in our language. Every time some new scientific wonder becomes a reality, you can be virtually certain that Verne had it first. In the pages of his books, he peered into the future and came up with a series of astonishing pre-

dictions that for more than three-quarters of a century have been amazing the world.

His prophecies have such a contemporary ring that it is hard to believe he was born in 1828 and lived in an era when there were no movies, no radio, no television, no planes, not even any cars. Verne was actually predicting atomic power at a time when Marie Curie had never thought of looking for radium and when Marconi had not yet dreamed of sending messages through the air. With uncanny accuracy, he managed to anticipate scientific headlines by half a century.

Consider, for instance, the great telescope now atop Mt. Palomar. The Glass Giant is making news today as scientists train it on remote depths of space. It took bold thinking to build this complicated mechanism. Yet it is not a new idea. Jules Verne thought of it long ago.

Seventy-five years before Palomar, he was astonishing readers with a description of a startling super-telescope. Verne's giant sky-scanner was located in our own West; the present telescope is located in California. Verne's telescope had a 16-foot reflector; the Palomar Giant is just a little more than 16 feet. In some details, the descriptions of the two telescopes are almost identical.

Today, giant air liners roar through the skies, and helicopters make headlines with their rescue work. But this wouldn't have surprised Verne. At a time when men were excited about the balloon, Verne was shaking his head. "The future," he announced firmly, "is with the flying machine."

Of course, people laughed at the idea that heavier-than-air craft would ever fly. Verne's favorite type of aircraft, however, was another one that hadn't been invented—the versatile helicopter. It could go straight up or down, even fly sideways. He even wrote about a huge one, the *Albatross*.

In recent years, chemists have used paper in making one of the most remarkable of all modern materials—plastic. Here again, Verne had the jump on modern science. Paper may have looked fragile to scientists half a century ago, but not to Verne. He surmised that it would be made tremendously strong, and he used it as the material for his fabulous *Albatross*.

SOME OF VERNE'S most startling predictions concerned means of transportation. Most famous of his craft is the *Nautilus*, the immense submarine of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. Even its source of power, electricity, was a curiosity at the time Verne described his giant undersea ship.

Verne was way ahead on communications, too. He foresaw radio, and in 1889 amazed readers of American magazines by describing people sitting in their homes watching news events by television! For private communication, his idea was the "phono-telephoto," a combination of telephone and television. With it you could talk to, and see, anyone in the world who subscribed to the service.

Verne's career was full of contradictions. He was not a scientist, yet his writings were masterpieces of scientific prophesy. He never traveled widely, yet he was hailed

by geographers for his accurate descriptions of places he had never seen. He wrote with vivid imagination, yet he was a highly practical man who never relied on imagination for facts.

Verne was a Frenchman; but as late as 1928, a Paris newspaper questioned that he was really named Verne at all. The paper suggested that he was a Pole named Olschewitz. As a final piece of irony, the man who looked into the future died in 1905, at a time when the horse was still supreme. As he lay on his deathbed in Amiens, officials strewn the street with straw so that the dying man would not be disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs.

In the 1850s, Jules was a young Parisian stockbroker, possessed with the idea of becoming a writer. Unfortunately, his romantic plays and poems had not all been successful. But when he talked to the balloonist, Félix Nadar, his imagination was sparked. He decided that he would write a history of ballooning.

Every minute he could spare from work went into scrawling reams of copy at home. In a few months it was finished. The manuscript was submitted to the publisher, Pierre Hetzel. Hetzel knew nothing about ballooning, but a lot about best sellers. After holding the book for two weeks, he returned it to the author with suggestions for revision.

These suggestions fired Verne's imagination; the blaze lasted for two weeks and practically destroyed

the original manuscript. Out of the ashes arose something new, a story called *Five Weeks in a Balloon*.

This time the publisher read every page with approval. There was little in the new version that could be called pedestrian or pedantic, little, indeed, that could be called a history of ballooning. It was a piece of fancy, as airy as its subject. Verne walked out of Hetzel's office not only with a contract for this one work but with a commitment to write two books a year for 20 years, at 10,000 francs each!

Even the shrewd Hetzel was not prepared for the storm of approval that greeted Verne's first story. The first editions were quickly exhausted, and thousands more poured from the presses. The aeronaut, Nadar, went through with

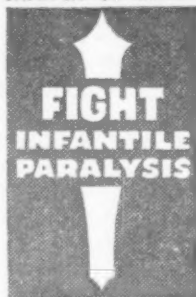
his scheme to build a giant balloon. Its take-off brought thousands of spectators, and the publicity pushed sales of Verne's book still higher.

In a few months, Verne's eager readers were snapping up copies of the magazine in which *The Adventures of Captain Hatteras* was running serially. In it, Verne daringly predicted the discovery of the North Pole, almost half a century before the

event actually happened. Then came *Voyage to the Center of the Earth*, in which the adventurers went underground in Iceland and found a strange and eerie world of oceans and boiling water.

Was public interest in this new kind of story just a passing fad? Verne worried about this until he

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 16-31

had finished his fourth story, *From the Earth to the Moon*. After that, there was no question. The year was 1866, yet so plausibly did Verne explain the lunar flight that letters poured in from readers eager to go along when such a voyage was actually made.

For 45 years, right up to his death, Verne continued to turn out best sellers. As his books sold by the millions, he received many fabulous offers from other publishers, but Verne stuck loyally to Hetzel, and both men grew rich.

During the period of his great success, Verne lived a simple home life with his wife and three children. The only sign of affluence was his purchase of yachts.

How did Jules Verne collect the enormous mass of facts that made even his most fantastic yarns seem plausible? He dug them out the hard way. For the book, *From the Earth to the Moon*, he read no less than 500 reference volumes and scientific treatises.

At his home in Amiens, the library was filled not only with thousands of printed volumes but with an astounding mass of notes which he had written in longhand. When the file folders were counted, they numbered more than 25,000.

Verne's stories were so convincing that they often set scientists to work. More than one inventor credited the author with sparking a great idea. "Jules Verne," said Marconi, "made people see visions

... wish they could do things ... stimulated them to do them."

Simon Lake, inventor of the modern submarine, credited Verne's books with many of his ideas for undersea craft. Modern undersea explorers like William Beebe and Auguste Piccard acknowledge that some of their ideas came from Verne. And when Admiral Byrd first flew over the South Pole, he remarked: "It is Jules Verne who guides me."

Verne foresaw atomic power, but never thought of the atom bomb. He expressed fear that "if men go on inventing machinery, they will end by being swallowed by their own machines." He believed that atomic power might be used for the good of mankind, performing such feats as melting the polar icecaps. Verne also predicted an end to war. There would be, he predicted, a world government with a capital, Centropolis.

As true today as it was then is a statement made by Gen. Louis Lyautey, the farseeing French military man, a few years after Verne's death. Lyautey was fighting for radical improvements in armaments. An official listening to the plans said scornfully: "But, General, that sounds like something out of Jules Verne!"

The General nodded. "Yes," he said, "you're right. But let me tell you this. The nations that have progressed have done little but follow Jules Verne."

Words in Bloom

Trouble knocked at the door, but, hearing laughter, hurried away.

—Threads



Some People Are Strangers

by WILLA BLAKE

How a few words spoken in a little lunchroom turned shame into pride and dignity

IT WAS NONE of my business; I was in the lunchroom only for a cup of coffee; but suddenly I was ashamed of being human.

The big woman had entered with the jerky step of a puppet. Her broad face was chalky with powder, her hair pulled back harshly. There was the hard, ageless look of toil about her, yet her eyes were young.

Tense, unmoving, she awaited the waitress' attention. Then she said: "I saw your sign for a dishwasher in the window and I come to see about the job. I'm Spanish."

The words came out in a flat,

toneless rush. The waitress' eyes were aloof. "You'll have to see the boss," she said.

The customers glanced at the big, still woman and back to their plates. Some were uncomfortable—some amused. A salesman beside me glanced anxiously toward the kitchen. One customer left and another came in. Still the woman stood in the center of the room, awkwardly waiting.

The waitress was leaning on the counter, talking to a young mechanic. "Saw Al go by this morning," he said cheerfully. "What's biting him today?"

"Fired the cook yesterday and a dishwasher today. She," indicating the waiting woman, "wants to see him. Says she's Spanish."

His reply was too low for me to hear, but not the waitress' sharp, derisive laughter.

The salesman threw his money on the counter and left quickly. Now there was only malice in the watching eyes. And then I felt the sickness inside. Then I knew that the woman had brought something with her into this room, and the thing was fear.

"Please, miss," she said desperately, "I saw the sign—"

"You'll have to move outa that door before the noon rush starts," the waitress said. "The boss—"

He had come from the kitchen so quietly that no one heard him. He was a fat man with craggy brows and a perpetual frown. "What can you do?" he asked the woman.

"I can wash dishes and cook and clean. I'm Spanish," she added agonizedly, as if moved by some strange compulsion.

He looked at her for a long time. "You're no more Spanish than I am. Do you think I can't tell what you are?"

The lunchroom audience was embarrassed now. Before, it had been the light amusement of a cat teasing a mouse. They liked the sport—but

they had no stomach for the kill.

The rigid pose deserted her, and her shoulders drooped. It was none of my business, but I left the stool and walked toward them.

"Just a moment," I heard my inane voice saying.

The boss ignored me. "You're colored," to the woman. Then he added: "But you're clean and strong, and you got nothing to be ashamed of. Hold up your head and be proud."

She looked at the tiled floor, hiding her streaked face.

"I need a cook more than a dishwasher," said the boss. "Want to try that first?"

She nodded, not believing.

"Okay. Mostly short orders. I pay union scale."

"Yes, sir," she said softly, moving toward the kitchen with new grace.

"Another thing," he called gruffly. "Don't let me hear you telling people you're Spanish again."

"No, *SIR*."

The faces along the counter were no longer strangers, but the familiar faces you get to know in a small town. Relief was all around them; the air was washed clean.

"You want something?" the proprietor asked, remembering me.

I had never noticed before that his eyes were so blue.

"No," I said meekly. "No, *SIR*."

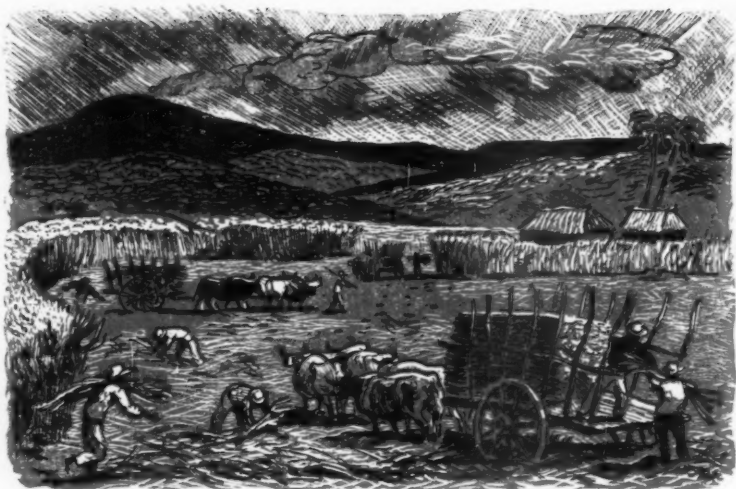
A Question of Viewpoint

THE WEATHER-BEATEN COW-puncher came over to watch the tenderfoot who was putting a saddle backwards on the big roan horse.

"What's the big idea?" he growled.

"That's the way I'll be heading in a minute," answered the tenderfoot meekly.

—DALE J. MUSK



Sugar Goes to Work for Science

by REED MILLARD

That wonder-working chemical, sucrose, is being put to many fantastic new uses

SUGAR, THE SAME STUFF that appears on your table in granulated form, is turning out to be a wonder-working miracle chemical. Science is now putting it into paints and cosmetics, medicines and anesthetics, adhesives and rubber, tire patches and paper, shoe polish and phonograph records, explosives and soap. Already the chemists have discovered that more than 10,000 different kinds of materials can be derived from sucrose—and they're just getting started.

While industry is putting sugar to all sorts of fantastic uses, medical men are making startling discoveries about sugar's role in your diet. One by one, they are knocking out old beliefs, to emerge with brand-

new ideas that may help you to achieve better health.

Even the experts are awed by sugar, for it is one of the major marvels of nature. They call it "crystallized water and sunlight," and that is just about right. A sugar-cane or sugar-beet plant inhales 1.7 ounces of carbon dioxide from the air, absorbs .7 ounces of water from the soil, gathers 112 calories of pure energy from sunlight, and turns them into an ounce of sugar. Of course, it goes through lengthy refining before it gets to your table, but that's the fundamental process.

All over the scientific world, there is a sense of excited interest in sugar. The Sugar Research Foun-

dation alone has sponsored 59 major projects in the past six years. In addition, great sugar companies and individual researchers are working on hundreds of special projects aimed at making this useful substance even more versatile. Their startling discoveries may change your life in the future.

Chemists figure there are more than 250,000 ways to link sugar molecules with other substances. For instance, we don't have to worry about running out of coal or gasoline. We'll just use sugar.

Fantastic? Not to scientists of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. They have discovered that sugar can be turned into a sort of artificial soft coal that burns with terrific heat. Or, by using another process, they can turn it into oil.

At Birmingham University in England, Dr. Leslie F. Wiggins and associates have come up with a method of making nylon out of sugar. They have also developed a promising new antifreeze preparation made of sugar.

But sugar's greatest claim to being a miracle substance still lies in its food qualities. No other known food can match the speed with which it can deliver the stored energy of sunlight into the human blood stream. No wonder medicine has found that, with its capacity for swift delivery to any part of the system, sugar can be used as a medicine. Injections of glucose have helped to relieve the nausea of pregnancy. And doctors feed high-sugar diets to patients with certain diseases of the liver.

Knowing what sugar can do to cure human ailments, doctors are hastening to explode fallacious be-

liefs about its bad effects. Top on the list is the myth that sugar causes diabetes. This is a distorted notion, say medical experts. Diabetes authorities have successfully taken diabetes patients off insulin and still allowed them a measure of sweets and starches!

You probably think you are on safe ground when you say, "Well, sugar *does* create cavities in your teeth." But wait a minute.

At the Harvard School of Dental Medicine, Dr. Reider F. Sognnaes and Dr. James H. Shaw fed huge quantities of sugar to 18 rats and hamsters. For nine months the animals got this presumably tooth-wrecking diet. Yet, at the end of that time, there wasn't a cavity among them! Then the researchers tried sugar on monkeys—and came out with the same conclusion: sugar was not as direct a cause of caries as had been assumed.

Although it is not definitely known whether or not such discoveries are fully applicable to humans, they are still good news to nutritionists, who foresee that we may have to use more sugar to keep the people of the world adequately fed. Although sugar lacks vitamins and minerals, it offers pure energy—in other words, calories—readily and cheaply.

In fact, the biggest news of all about sugar may be its part in solving the desperate world food shortage. Just how desperate that problem may become has been dramatized by Fairfield Osborn, famed naturalist, who has marshaled a frightening array of facts.

Every day the net population of the world increases by 97,000! It takes, on the average, about 2.5

acres of cropland to provide a year's food for one person. Divide up the total tillable acreage of the world, and you get only two acres per person. To meet even today's requirements, there is a crying need to increase the amount of food that an acre can produce.

Dr. Robert C. Hockett, scientific director of the Sugar Research Foundation, sees sugar as a dramatic solution to this dilemma. What, he asks, does it take in the way of land to produce the one million calories needed by the average man each year?

If he were going to get them all from potatoes, it would take 44 per cent of an acre. From corn meal, 90 per cent of an acre. From refined wheat flour, one and one fifth acres. From hogs, two acres. Eggs, seven acres. Steers, 17 acres.

Now consider sugar. Averaging the yields of cane and beets, it takes little more than one eighth of an acre to produce a million calories! These figures, says Dr. Hockett,

"show clearly that even with our present ratio of land to population, it would be quite impossible to feed our people on eggs, chickens and beef alone."

Chemists have pulled an even bigger rabbit out of their hatful of magic in revealing that sugar can help to fill the most crying demand of all—the need for proteins. Sugar doesn't have a trace of protein in it—yet the experts have found a way to make it produce some of the richest proteins known.

Certain yeasts, when fed on sugars and molasses, multiply at fantastic speed. One strain, developed by an English scientist, multiplies 64 times in nine hours. Experiments in Jamaica showed that this yeast would produce a unique food compound containing as much as 50 per cent protein, plus valuable minerals such as iron, magnesium, potassium and calcium.

So, given time, the scientists may come up with a sugar-coated solution to almost any problem.

A Word to the Wise

MRS. SLOAN LED a pretty exemplary life, so she was somewhat taken aback when her brother, a deacon, said with marked annoyance, "My dear sister, you must avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Daniel, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Those cut-glass decanters on the sideboard," he said. "They contain what appear to be spirits."

"Nothing of the kind!" protested his sister. "Those decanters look so nice on the sideboard that I fill them halfway with a mixture of vinegar and furniture polish just for the looks."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," said the deacon. "Feeling a trifle faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big decanter in the middle."

—RUTH F. CAREY



The Bus That Runs on Happiness

by CHASE WALKER

With songs and laughter, its driver has won the hearts of his New York passengers

SAMMY CASCACAVILLA wheeled his Eighth Avenue bus up to the 42nd Street stop. The air brakes wheezed, the doors flew open and Sammy turned to his passengers.

"Ladies first," he shouted cheerfully. "This is 42nd Street . . . Franklin Savings Bank, Times Square, the movie center. Change for Grand Central. The correct time is now 11:02."

Sammy's first name is really Salvatore, but along his run from 155th Street to Abingdon Square in New York City, he is known as Singing Sam, the happy bus driver. The Eighth Avenue Coach Corporation receives a steady stream of complimentary letters about him. One correspondent described him

as "the finest chauffeur in the United States." Another wrote: "The way he puts everybody in a good humor is a revelation."

New Yorkers, hardened to scowls and curt answers from bus drivers, have taken Sammy to their hearts. His friends along the route include policemen, cabdrivers, peddlers, storekeepers, and just people. Passengers have learned his schedule and will let other busses go by so they can ride with Sammy.

Ministers have preached sermons around Sam, newspapers have run features about him, radio has had him on the air several times. In short, Salvatore Cascavilla is a simple man with that rare combination of qualities—a great love of

people and a great faith in God.

Sam's route north begins at Abingdon Square. As he wheels the heavy coach expertly through traffic, he sings, "I love you, la-da-de-da," to a tune that he admits is his own. At West 18th Street, he stops for a traffic light and shouts to a fruit dealer.

"How's your sister-in-law?"

"Fine, Sammy, how are you?"

"Wonderful," Sammy warbles.

The fruit dealer hands him a pear. Sammy holds it up for his passengers to see. At 66th Street he gives it to a cop.

At brief intervals Cascavilla announces the correct time. At Columbus Circle he always notes the temperature and weather information on an advertising sign and makes an appropriate announcement. By this time the atmosphere inside the bus resembles that at a picnic outing.

Cheerfulness and courtesy are the rules aboard Sammy's bus. Regardless of age, all passengers are addressed as "young lady" or "young gentleman."

"They're all wonderful," he adds.

Why does Cascavilla do it? "It isn't hard work," he says. "My day flies. You should see people cheer up. Even the grouchy ones are smiling when they get off. We all have troubles, but they should be left where they belong."

"You must have a million dollars," says the girl who got on at 46th Street.

"Twenty-nine cents," Sam replies. "Wonderful!"

One of the letters written to the company about Sammy was an especially strong tribute. "That man is truly a Christian," it read. "He is kind and courteous . . . a credit to mankind and civilization . . . my conception of what we should be to make the world a better place to live in."

It seems quite remarkable that a short bus ride could inspire such a eulogy. Obviously there is a deep-rooted faith, a remarkable philosophy bound up in Sammy. What,

then, is the story of his life?

"I came over from Italy in 1923," he says. "When I arrived in this great country, it was my lifelong dream come true.

Two years later I

got a job running the trolley. I loved the work, but knew very little English when I started. People on my car were always asking questions and I always answered 'Yes.' It was the only word I knew, so it had to do for everything.

"People would get mad at me for giving them wrong answers, so I had to learn English quick. I wanted only to make people feel good.

"I met my wife, Josephine, on my Broadway trolley," Cascavilla remembers with a faraway smile. "Then, about 13 years ago, great troubles came into my life. For a long time my wife had a bad cough so I took her to a doctor. What a terrible thing she had! A bad spot on both lungs.

"The doctor said there was very little hope for her. I did not lose faith though. I couldn't. Finally,

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one doctor told me to send her to a place where the air was clean and fresh. I had very little money, but the bus company said I could work double shifts.

"I fixed my wife with a room at Saranac Lake, and started to drive a bus day and night to pay for it. Then I learned something. When people have troubles, it is easy to be grouchy and hard to be cheerful. I wish to forget my troubles while driving my bus, so I smile and talk a lot. Now I find it easy to be cheerful.

"I go to church every Sunday and pray for my Josephine. I have never lost faith at any time. On my bus route I know all the churches — Catholic, Jewish and Protestant. So I call them off to

my passengers. People should know more about churches."

Sam is one of those who will talk to people as long as they will listen. "I love children the most . . . and old folks, too. They have the hardest time taking care of themselves . . . the old and the young. Mothers put their children on my bus in the morning, and I see that they get to school," he adds proudly.

"My wife was away for two years. The doctor . . . he rode on my bus sometimes, you know . . . he operated on her and the operation was a success. Now my Josephine is home and well.

"God has been very good to me," Sammy says quietly. "This is a wonderful, wonderful world!"

Statement of the ownership, management, and circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1949. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Gordon Carroll; Editorial Director, Fritz Bamberger; Business Manager, John Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, Inc., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stockholders: City National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, T/A with David A. Smart dated 10/6/1942, known as Trust No. 22335; Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Arnold Gingrich "T," 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich "T," 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred R. Pastel, Steep Hill Road, Westport, Connecticut; Alfred Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 179 E. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. John Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1949.

(SEAL) Kay Marten. (My commission expires March 13, 1952.)

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GAME OF SILENCE

EARLY IN THE 18th century, two young monks were walking in an Italian monastery garden. Attracted by the singing of villagers celebrating a feast day, they mounted a wall to watch.

Next morning they faced their Abbot. "Brothers Benedict and Fidelis," he said sternly, "you know the monastery rules forbid such conduct. Your punishment is seclusion for three months—under the rule of silence!"

They concentrated on contemplation and prayer, but still there were idle hours. One day, the younger monk studied the stones that littered the cell floor. Soon, he began to collect all the smooth flat stones of one size that he could find. The other monk joined in, until they had gathered 28.

Then one of the men began placing marks on the pieces, a different number on each. At last, arranging the stones

in numerical order, he sought to devise a game for them to play.

It was difficult to communicate ideas without speaking, but after several days the two monks had managed not only to invent a game but also the rules by which it was to be played.

When one or the other was victor, his excitement was great. And yet their rule of silence could not be broken! At last, they found a way. The moment a game was won, the victor uttered the first line of the prayer:

"Dixit Dominus Domino Meo."

The absorbing game was soon adopted by other inhabitants of the monastery as a lawful pastime and, as years passed, it spread from town to town and finally around the world. And the prayer by which the winner signaled victory was shortened to one word, known today as—*Domino!*

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